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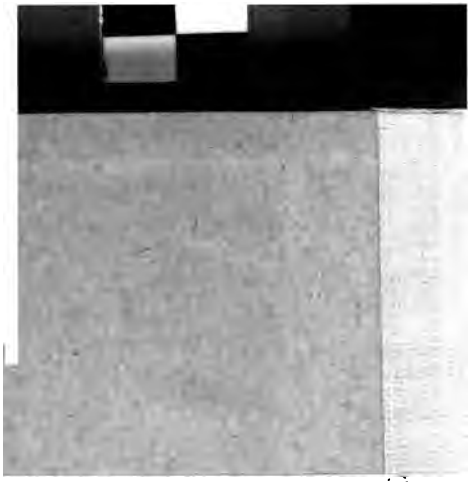

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and Hoadley Dodge.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME III.

CONTAINING HIS

MORAL ESSAYS.

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Contents of the Third Volume.

ESSAY ON MAN, in FOUR EPISTLES.

EPISTLE I. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to the* univerſe, P. 3

EPISTLE II. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* himſelf, *as an individual* 18

EPISTLE III. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* ſociety 35

EPISTLE IV. *Of the nature and ſtate of* man *with reſpect to* happineſs 52

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I. *Of the knowledge and characters of* MEN 87

EPISTLE II. *Of the characters of* WOMEN 103

EPISTLE III. *Of the uſe of* RICHES 124

EPISTLE IV. *Of the uſe of* RICHES 153

EPISTLE V. *To Mr. Addiſon, occaſioned by his dialogues on* MEDALS 168

AN

ESSAY

ON

SATIRE,

Occaſioned by the Death of

Mr. POPE.

Inſcribed to

Mr. WARBURTON

By J. BROWN, A. M.

TO THE NEW YORK
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CONTENTS.

PART I.

OF the End and Efficacy of Satire. *The Love of Glory and Fear of Shame univerſal*, ver. 29. *This Paſſion, implanted in Man as a Spur to Virtue, is generally perverted*, ver. 41. *And thus becomes the Occaſion of the greateſt Follies, Vices, and Miſeries*, ver. 61. *It is the Work of* Satire *to rectify this Paſſion, to reduce it to its proper Channel, and to convert it into an Incentive to Wiſdom and Virtue*, ver. 89. *Hence it appears that* Satire *may influence thoſe who defy all Laws Human and Divine*, ver. 99. *An Objection anſwered*, ver. 131.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire. *Juſtice and Truth its chief and eſſential Property*, ver. 169. *Prudence in the Application of Wit and Ridicule, whoſe Province is, not to* explore *unknown, but to* enforce *known Truths*, ver 191. *Proper Subjects of* Satire *are the Manners of preſent Times*, ver. 239. *Decency of Expreſſion recommended*, ver. 255. *The different Methods in which Folly and Vice ought to be chaſtiſed*, ver. 269. *The Variety of Style and Manner which theſe two Subjects require*, ver. 277. *The Praiſe of Virtue may be admitted with Propriety*, ver. 315. *Caution with regard to Panegyric*, ver. 329. *The Dignity of* true Satire, ver. 341.

PART III.

The History of Satire. Roman *Satirists*, Lucilius, Horace, Perſius, Juvenal, ver. 357, *etc.* *Cauſes of the Decay of Literature, particularly of* Satire, ver. 389 *Revival of* Satire, ver. 401. Eraſmus *one of its principal Reſtorers*, ver. 405. Donne, ver. 411. *The Abuſe of* Satire *in* England, *during the licentious reign of* Charles II. ver. 415. Dryden, ver. 429. *The true Ends of* Satire *purſued by* Boileau *in* France, ver. 439 *and by Mr.* Pope *in* England, ver. 445.

PART I.

ATE gave the word; the cruel arrow ſped;
And POPE lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
ɜn'd he fell; ſuperior to the dart,
t quench'd its rage in YOURS and BRITAIN'S Heart:
mourn: but BRITAIN, lull'd in reſt profound,
conſcious BRITAIN!) ſlumbers o'er her wound.
lting Dulneſs ey'd the ſetting Light,
flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
s'd at the ſignal, Guilt collects her train,
counts the Triumphs of her growing reign:
h inextinguiſhable rage they burn;
Snake-hung ENVY hiſſes o'er his Urn:
envenom'd Monſters ſpit their deadly foam,
blaſt the Laurel that ſurrounds his Tomb.

at YOU, O WARBURTON! whoſe eye refin'd
ſee the greatneſs of an honeſt mind;
ſee each Virtue and each Grace unite,
. taſte the Raptures of a *pure* Delight;
r viſit oft his awful Page with Care,
i view that bright aſſemblage treaſur'd there;
trace the Chain that links his deep deſign,
. pour new luſtre on the glowing Line.

Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muſe,
Whoſe eye, not wing, his ardent flight purſues:
Intent from this great Archetype to draw
SATIRE's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And rev'rence HIS and SATIRE's gen'rous End.

In ev'ry Breaſt there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame:
The Paſſion ONE, tho' various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The liſping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praiſe the Coy, the Modeſt woo,
And only fly, that Glory may purſue:
She, Pow'r reſiſtleſs, rules the wiſe and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And ſways alike the Sceptre and the Spade.

Thus Heav'n in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in folly only wiſe,
Rejects the Manna ſent him from the Skies:
With raptures hears corrupted Paſſion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the ſtall.
As each deceitful ſhadow tempts his view,
He for the *imag'd* Subſtance quits the *true*;

ager to catch the viſionary Prize,
a queſt of Glory plunges deep in Vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits ev'ry Praiſe he pants to gain.

Thus ſtill imperious NATURE plies her part;
And ſtill her Dictates work in ev'ry heart,
Each Pow'r that ſov'reign Nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er deſtroy.
Like mighty rivers, with reſiſtleſs force
The Paſſions rage, obſtructed in their courſe;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown thoſe Virtues which they fed before.

And ſure, the deadlieſt Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worſt of Evils, is *perverted Shame*.
Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Who entangled Slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly by faſhionable fear oppreſs'd,
We ſeek our Virtues in each other's breaſt;
Blind to ourſelves, adopt each foreign Vice,
Another's weakneſs, int'reſt, or caprice.
Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,
That pines in ſplendid wretchedneſs of ſtate,
Fir'd in the treach'rous Chaſe, would nobly yield,
And, but for ſhame, like SYLLA, quit the field:
The Dæmon *Shame* paints ſtrong the ridicule,
And whiſpers cloſe, "*the World will call you Fool.*"

Behold yon Wretch, by impious faſhion driv'n,
Believes and trembles, while he ſcoffs at Heav'n.
By weakneſs ſtrong, and bold thro' fear alone,
He dreads the ſneer by ſhallow Coxcombs thrown;
Dauntleſs purſues the path *Spinoza* trod;
To man a *Coward*, and a *Brave* to God.

Faith, Juſtice, Heav'n itſelf now quit their hold,
When to falſe Fame the captiv'd Heart is ſold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentleſs *Cato* dy'd;
Nought could ſubdue his Virtue, but his Pride.
Hence chaſte *Lucretia's* Innocence betray'd
Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.
Thus Virtue ſinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Paſſions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence SATIRE's pow'r: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild diſorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wiſe:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *To Man a Coward, etc.*]

Vois tu ce Libertin en public intrepide,
Qui preche contre un Dieu que dans ſon Ame il croit?
Il iroit embraſſer la Verité, qu'il voit;
Mais de ſes faux Amis il craint la Raillerie,
Et ne brave ainſi Dieu que par Poltronnerie.
Boileau, Ep. iii.

In the dark boſom wakes the fair deſire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire;
Strips black Oppreſſion of her gay diſguiſe,
And bids the Hag in native horror riſe;
Strikes tow'ring Pride and lawleſs Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boaſts the Muſe a vain imagin'd Pow'r,
Tho' oft ſhe mourn thoſe ills ſhe cannot cure.
The Worthy court her, and the Worthleſs fear;
Who ſhun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And ev'ry foe to Wiſdom feels her ſway.
Smarts, Pedants, as ſhe ſmiles, no more are vain;
Deſponding Fops reſign the *clouded cane:*
Huſh'd at her voice, pert Folly's ſelf is ſtill,
And Dulneſs wonders while ſhe drops her quill.
Like the arm'd BEE, with art moſt ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Vice ſhe draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, ſecurely wrapt in wiles;
And Force ſtrong-ſinew'd rends th' unequal toils:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 110. *From pois'nous Vice, etc.*] Alluding to theſe Lines of Mr. Pope;

In the nice Bee what Art ſo ſubtly true,
From pois'nous Herbs extracts a healing Dew?

The ſtream of Vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for Policy, for Pow'r too ſtrong.
Ev'n Fair Religion, Native of the ſkies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, ſeeks refuge with the Wiſe;
The Crowd with laughter ſpurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Juſtice frowns in vain,
But SATIRE's ſhaft can pierce the harden'd breaſt:
She plays a *ruling Paſſion* on the reſt:
Undaunted ſtorms the batt'ry of his pride,
And awes the *Brave* that Earth and Heav'n defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vaſſals crown'd,
Derides fall'n Juſtice proſtrate on the ground;
Swift to redreſs an injur'd People's groan,
Bold SATIRE ſhakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Pow'rful as Death, defies the ſordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants ſurround in vain.

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of SATIRE,
All truth is Spleen; all juſt reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muſe's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when ſhe draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like ITHURIEL's ſpear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their nat'ral ſhapes,
Turns Ducheſſes to ſtrumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whiſperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Dæmon ſtarts up from the toad.

O ſordid maxim, form'd to ſcreen the vile,
That true good-nature ſtill muſt wear a ſmile!
In frowns array'd her beauties ſtronger riſe,
When love of Virtue wakes her ſcorn of Vice:
Where Juſtice calls, 'tis Cruelty to ſave;
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.
Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
Then judge of SATIRE's merit by her end:
To Guilt alone her vengeance ſtands confin'd,
The object of her love is all Mankind.
Scarce more the friend of Man, the wiſe muſt own,
Ev'n ALLEN's bounteous hand, than SATIRE's frown:
This to chaſtiſe, as That to bleſs was giv'n;
Alike the faithful Miniſters of Heav'n.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the ſhaft is ſpent:
Tho' ſtrong th' example, weak the puniſhment.
They leaſt are paid, who merit Satire moſt:
Folly the *Laureat's*, Vice was *Chartres'* boaſt:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of Fools and Knaves already dead to ſhame?
Oft SATIRE acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
Gen'rous and kind tho' painful is her art:
With caution bold, ſhe only ſtrikes to heal;
Tho' folly raves to break the friendly ſteel.
Then ſure no fault impartial SATIRE knows,
Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes,
Whoſe is the crime, the ſcandal too be theirs;
The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

PART II.

DARE nobly then: But conſcious of your tru
As ever warm and bold be ever juſt:
Nor court applauſe in theſe degen'rate days:
The Villain's cenſure is extorted praiſe.

But chief, be ſteady in a noble end,
And ſhew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend,
'Tis mean for empty praiſe of wit to write,
As Foplings grin to ſhow their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a ſmile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
To fix an arrow in a blameleſs heart.
O loſt to honour's voice, O doom'd to ſhame,
Thou Fiend accurſt, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Raviſher, from Innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where ſhall thy baſeneſs meet its juſt return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endleſs ſcorn?
And know, immortal Truth ſhall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth ſhall bid the ſhaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poiſon in the heart.

With caution next, the dang'rous pow'r apply ;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye :
Let SATIRE then her proper object know,
And ere ſhe ſtrike, be ſure ſhe ſtrike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confeſt,
Becauſe blind *Ridicule* conceives a jeſt :
Before whoſe altar Virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a deſtin'd victim ſhall be led :
Lo *Shaftſb'ry* rears her high on Reaſon's throne,
And loads the Slave with honours not her own :
Big-ſwoln with folly, as her ſmiles provoke,
Prophaneneſs ſpawns, pert Dunces nurſe the joke!
Come, let us join a while this titt'ring crew,
And own the *Ideot Guide* for once is *true* ;
Deride our weak forefather's muſty rule,
Who *therefore* ſmil'd, *becauſe* they ſaw a Fool ;
Sublimer logic now adorns our iſle,
We *therefore* ſee a Fool, *becauſe* we ſmile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly ſeek ?
Lo, gay ſhe ſits in Laughter's dimpled cheek :
Contemns each ſurly Academic foe,
And courts the ſpruce Freethinker and the Beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.
Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conqu'ring hand
Shall work *Herculean* wonders thro' the Land:
Bound in the magic of her cob-web chain,
YOU, mighty WARBURTON, ſhall rage in vain,

In vain the trackleſs maze of Truth you ſcan,
And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man :
No more ſhall Reaſon boaſt her pow'r divine,
Her Baſe eternal ſhook by Folly's mine !
Truth's ſacred Fort th' exploded laugh ſhall win ;
And Coxcombs vanquiſh BERKLEY by a grin.

But you, more ſage, reject th' inverted rule,
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule :
On truth, on falſhood let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all ;
As the gay Priſm but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to ev'ry object ev'ry dye.
Beware the mad Advent'rer : bold and blind
She hoiſts her ſail, and drives with ev'ry wind ;
Deaf as the ſtorm to ſinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's deſtruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd Reaſon at the helm preſide,
Bear to the wind, or ſtem the furious tide ;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reaſon can explore,
This point the way, *that* waft us glad to ſhore.

Tho' diſtant Times may riſe in SATIRE's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the *preſent Age:*
With Wiſdom's luſtre, Folly's ſhade contraſt,
And judge the reigning Manners by the paſt :
Bid *Britain's* Heroes (awful Shades !) ariſe,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice :

back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
he Sons bluſh at what their Fathers were:
et 'twas beggary the great to truſt;
et 'twas quite a folly to be juſt;
ı *low-born* Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
lſify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye;
ewdneſs the ſtain'd garb of Honour wore,
haſtity was carted for the Whore;
flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dreſs'd;
iblic Spirit was the public jeſt.

ever, in a juſt expreſſion, bold,
e'er degrade fair SATIRE to a Scold:
o unworthy mein her form debaſe,
et her ſmile, and let her frown with grace:
rth be temp'rate, temp'rate in her ſpleen;
while ſhe preaches modeſty, obſcene.
let her wound, not rankle to a ſore,
call his Lordſhip —, her Grace a —:
Muſe's charms reſiſtleſs then aſſail,
n wrapt in *Iris*'s tranſparent veil:
eauties half-conceal'd the more ſurprize,
keener luſtre ſparkles in her eyes.
ı be your line with ſharp encomiums grac'd:
Clodius honourable, *Buſo* chaſte.

rt not on Folly an indignant eye:
e're diſcharg'd Artillery on a Fly!

Deride not Vice: Abſurd the thought and vain,
To bind the Tiger in ſo weak a chain.
Nay more: when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The Knave exults: to ſmile is to approve.
The Muſe's labour then ſucceſs ſhall crown,
When Folly feels her ſmiles, and Vice her frown.

Know next what meaſures to each Theme belong,
And ſuit your thoughts and numbers to your ſong:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry riſe,
And ſtoop to earth, or ſoar among the skies.
Thus when a modiſh folly you rehearſe,
Free the expreſſion, ſimple be the verſe.
In artleſs numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
That mounts the box, and ſhines a Charioteer:
In ſtrains familiar ſing the midnight toil
Of Camps and Senates diſciplin'd by *Hoyle*;
Patriots and Chiefs, whoſe deep deſign invades
And carries off the captive King — of *Spades!*
Let SATIRE here in milder vigour ſhine,
And gayly graceful ſport along the line;
Bid courtly Faſhion quit her thin pretence,
And ſmile each Affectation into ſenſe.

Not ſo when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muſe's aid;
When *crimes*, which erſt in kindred darkneſs lay,
Riſe frontleſs, and inſult the eye of day;

iant *Hymen* veils his hallow'd fires,
hite-rob'd Chaſtity with tears retires;
rank Adultery on the genial bed
om *Cocytus* rears her baleful head:
private Faith and public Truſt are ſold,
raitors barter Liberty for gold:
fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
he foundation of a ſinking State:
Giant-Vice and Irreligion riſe,
ountain'd falſhoods to invade the ſkies:
warmer numbers glow thro' SATIRE's page,
ll her ſmiles are darken'd into rage:
gle-wing ſhe gains *Parnaſſus'* height,
ofty EPIC ſoars a nobler flight:
keener indignation fires her eye;
flaſh her lightnings and her thunders fly;
and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
ll her wrath involves the guilty World.

SATIRE oft aſſumes a gentler mien,
eams on Virtue's friends a ſmile ſerene:
ounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
to commend where worth attracts her eye.
ief; when *Virtue*, *Learning*, *Arts* decline,
ys to ſee *unconquer'd* merit ſhine;
: burſting glorious, with departing ray,
Genius gilds the cloſe of Britain's Day:
joy ſhe ſees the ſtream of Roman art
MURRAY's tongue flow purer to the heart:

Sees YORKE to Fame, e'er yet to Manhood known,
And juſt to ev'ry virtue, but his own;
Hears unſtain'd CAM with generous pride proclaim
A SAGE's, CRITIC's, and a POET's name:
Beholds, where WIDCOME's happy hills aſcend,
Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend:
To HAGLEY's honour'd Shade directs her view;
And culls each flow'r to form a Wreath for YOU.

But tread with cautious ſtep this dang'rous ground
Beſet with faithleſs precipices round:
Truth be your guide: diſdain Ambition's call;
And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis Virtue's *native luſtre* that muſt *ſhine*;
The Poet can but *ſet it* in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A *ſordid pebble* meanly grac'd with *gold?*
Let *real* Merit then adorn your lays,
For Shame attends on proſtituted praiſe:
And all your wit, your moſt diſtinguiſh'd art
But makes us grieve you want an honeſt heart.

Nor think the Muſe by SATIRE's Law confin'd:
She yields deſcription of the nobleſt kind.
Inferior art the Landskip may deſign,
And paint the purple ev'ning in the line:
Her daring thought eſſays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Paſſion, pictures Man.

And great the toil, the latent ſoul to trace,
To paint the art, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue ſtrike our eyes,
Now bid a *Wolſey* or a *Cromwell* riſe;
Now with a touch more ſacred and refin'd,
Call forth a CHESTERFIELD's or LONSDALE's mind.
Here ſweet or ſtrong may ev'ry Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvaſs glow:
Of light and ſhade provoke the noble ſtrife,
And wake each ſtriking feature into life.

PART III.

THRO' Ages thus has SATIRE keenly ſhin'd,
The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind,
Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had ſprung,
And Man was guilty ere the Poet ſung.
This Muſe in ſilence joy'd each better Age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth ſaw her honeſt ſpleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her ſhafts, and urge their flight.
Firſt on the Sons of *Greece* ſhe prov'd her art,
And *Sparta* felt the fierce IAMBIC dart [a].
To LATIUM next, avenging SATIRE flew:
The flaming faulchion rough LUCILIUS [b] drew;
With dauntleſs warmth in Virtue's cauſe engag'd,
And conſcious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then ſportive HORACE [c] caught the gen'rous fire;
For SATIRE's bow reſign'd the ſounding lyre:

[a] Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo. Hor.
[b] Enſe velut ſtricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens eſt
Criminibus, tacita ſudant præcordia culpa. Juv. S. i.
[c] Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excuſſo populum ſuſpendere naſo. Perſ. S. i.

Each arrow poliſh'd in his hand was ſeen,
And, as it grew more poliſh'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in ſtudy'd negligence,
Politely ſly, cajol'd the foes of ſenſe:
He ſeem'd to ſport and trifle with the dart,
But while he ſported, drove it to the heart.

In graver ſtrains majeſtic PERSIUS wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly ſedate, condemn'd a Tyrant's reign,
And laſh'd Corruption with a calm diſdain.

More ardent eloquence, and boundleſs rage,
Inflame bold JUVENAL's exalted page,
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted *Rome*,
And ſwept audacious Greatneſs to its doom;
The headlong torrent thund'ring from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the ſky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swoln *Luxury!* — pale *Ruin* ſtalks behind!
As countleſs Inſects from the north-eaſt pour,
To blaſt the Spring, and raviſh ev'ry flow'r:
So barb'rous Millions ſpread contagious death:
The ſick'ning Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superſtition's night the ſkies o'erhung,
Beneath whoſe baleful dews the Poppy ſprung.
No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulneſs nodded in the Muſe's grove:

Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the ſole offence,
Nor aught was held ſo dangerous as Senſe.

At length, again fair Science ſhot her ray,
Dawn'd in the ſkies, and ſpoke returning day.
Now, SATIRE, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, ſtring thy ſlacken'd bow!
'Tis done — See great ELIZABETH breaks the ſpell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell!
(In vain the ſolemn Cowl ſurrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her ſour grimace)
With ſhame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reaſon urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain DONNE in honeſt vengeance roſe,
His Wit harmonious, tho' his Rhyme was proſe:
He midſt an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine ſenſe, and *Roman* ſtrength of thought.

Yet ſcarce had SATIRE well reſum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muſe records her Country's ſhame)
Ere *Britain* ſaw the foul revolt commence,
And treach'rous Wit began her war with Senſe.
Then roſe a ſhameleſs mercenary train,
Whom lateſt Time ſhall view with juſt diſdain:
A race fantaſtic, in whoſe gaudy line
Untutor'd thought, and tinſel beauty ſhine;
Wit's ſhatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not Nature, but confounds the ſight.

Dry Morals the Court-Poet bluſh'd to ſing:
'Twas all his praiſe to ſay, "*the oddeſt thing.*"
Proud for a jeſt obſcene, a Patron's nod,
To martyr Virtue, or blaſpheme his God.

Ill-fated DRYDEN! who unmov'd can ſee
Th' extremes of wit and meanneſs join'd in Thee!
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred ſkies,
Low-creeping in the putrid ſink of vice;
A Muſe whom Wiſdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The Pimp of Pow'r, the Proſtitute to Gain:
Wreaths, that ſhould deck fair Virtue's form alone,
To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrival'd Parts, the ſcorn of honeſt fame;
And Genius riſe, a Monument of ſhame!

More happy *France:* immortal BOILEAU there
Supported Genius with a Sage's care:
Him with her love propitious SATIRE bleſt,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breaſt:
Fancy and Senſe to form his line conſpire,
And faultleſs Judgment guides the pureſt Fire.

But ſee, at length, the *Britiſh* Genius ſmile,
And ſhew'r her beauties o'er her favour'd Iſle:
Behold for POPE ſhe twines the laurel crown,
And centers ev'ry Poet's pow'r in *one:*
Each *Roman's* force adorns his various page;
Gay ſmiles, collected ſtrength, and manly rage.

Deſpairing Guilt and Dulneſs loath the ſight,
As Spectres vaniſh at approaching light:
In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image juſtly fine, and boldly true:
Here Vice, drag'd forth by Truth's ſupreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity:
While ſelf-ſeen Virtue in the faithful line
With modeſt joy ſurveys her form divine.
But oh, what thoughts, what numbers ſhall I find,
But faintly to expreſs the Poet's mind?
Who yonder Stars effulgence can diſplay,
Unleſs he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a God, unleſs the God inſpire?
What catch the Lightning, but the ſpeed of fire!
So, mighty POPE, to make thy Genius known,
All pow'r is weak, all numbers — but thy own.
Each Muſe for thee with kind contention ſtrove,
For thee the Graces left th' IDALIAN grove;
With watchful fondneſs o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next, to her Bard majeſtic Wiſdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heav'nly flame:
With taſte ſuperior ſcorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can ſway, or guilty greatneſs bribe;
At Fancy's call who rear the wanton ſail,
Sport with the ſtream, and trifle in the gale:
Sublimer views *thy* darling Spirit bound;
Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round;

Intent new Worlds of Wiſdom to explore,
And bleſs Mankind with Virtue's ſacred ſtore;
A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart:
And pour a moral tranſport o'er the heart.
Fantaſtic Wit ſhoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires:
Wit kindled by the ſulph'rous breath of Vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it ſhines, deſtroys:
But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and conſtant, like the ſource of day:
Like this, its beam prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inſpirits, and exalts the mind;
Mildly diſpels each wintry Paſſion's gloom,
And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
This praiſe, immortal POPE, to thee be giv'n:
Thy Genius was indeed a *Gift* from Heav'n.
Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whoſe deathleſs line
Reaſon and wit with ſtrength collected ſhine;
Where matchleſs wit but wins the ſecond praiſe,
Loſt, nobly loſt, in Truth's ſuperior blaze.
Did FRIENDSHIP e'er miſlead thy wand'ring Muſe?
That Friendſhip ſure may plead the *great* excuſe:
That ſacred Friendſhip which inſpir'd thy Song,
Fair in defect, and *amiably* wrong.
Error like this ev'n Truth can ſcarce reprove;
'Tis almoſt Virtue when it flows from Love.

Ye deathleſs Names, ye Sons of endleſs praiſe,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!

Say, ſhall an artleſs Muſe, if you inſpire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O WARBURTON, inſpir'd by YOU,
The daring Muſe a noble path purſue,
By You inſpir'd, on trembling pinions ſoar,
The ſacred founts of ſocial bliſs explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid *her Country's glory* fire her page:
If ſuch her fate, do thou, fair *Truth* deſcend,
And watchful guard her in an honeſt end:
Kindly ſevere, inſtruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but *thine*.
But if her giddy eye ſhould vainly quit
Thy ſacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apoſtate heart ſhould e'er incline
To offer incenſe at Corruption's ſhrine;
Urge, urge thy pow'r, the black attempt confo
And daſh the ſmoaking Cenſer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, inſtructed Bards may ſee
That guilt is doom'd to ſink in Infamy.

AN

ESSAY

ON

MAN:

TO

H. St. John, L. Bolingbroke.

THE

ESIGN.

AVING propoſed to write ſome pieces on Human Life and Manners, ſuch as (to uſe my lord Bacon's ion) *come home to Mens Buſineſs and Boſoms*, I thought it atisfactory to begin with conſidering *Man* in the ab- his *Nature* and his *State*; ſince, to prove any moral to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the per- or imperfection of any creature whatſoever, it is ne- firſt to know what *condition* and *relation* it is placed l what is the proper *end* and *purpoſe* of its *being*.

ſcience of Human Nature is, like all other ſciences, l to a *few clear points*: There are not *many certain* n this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the s in that of the Body; more good will accrue to man- r attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, r ſtudying too much ſuch finer nerves and veſſels, the nations and uſes of which will for ever eſcape our ob- on. The *diſputes* are all upon theſe laſt, and I will : to ſay, they have leſs ſharpened the *wits* than the f men againſt each other, and have diminiſhed the :, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If flatter myſelf that this Eſſay has any merit, it is in ; betwixt the extremes of doctrines ſeemingly oppo- paſſing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in form- *mperate* yet not *inconſiſtent*, and a *ſhort* yet not *imperfect* of Ethics.

I might have done in proſe; but I choſe verſe, and ıyme, for two reaſons. The one will appear obvious; inciples, maxims, or precepts ſo written, both ſtrike ler more ſtrongly at firſt, and are more eaſily retained afterwards: The other may ſeem odd, but is true, I could expreſs them more *ſhortly* this way than in

proſe itſelf; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the *force* as well as *grace* of arguments or inſtructions, depends on their *conciſeneſs*. I was unable to treat this part of my ſubject more in *detail*, without becoming dry and tedious; or more *poetically*, without ſacrificing perſpicuity to ornament, without wandring from the preciſion, or breaking the chain of reaſoning: If any man can unite all theſe without diminution of any of them, I freely confeſs he will compaſs a thing above my capacity.

What is now publiſhed, is only to be conſidered as a *general Map* of MAN, marking out no more than the *greater parts*, their *extent*, their *limits*, and their *connection*, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Conſequently, theſe Epiſtles in their progreſs (if I have health and leiſure to make any progreſs) will be leſs dry, and more ſuſceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the *fountains*, and clearing the paſſage. To deduce the *rivers*, to follow them in their courſe, and to obſerve their effects, may be a taſk more agreeable.

ESSAY on MAN,

IN

FOUR EPISTLES,

TO

H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

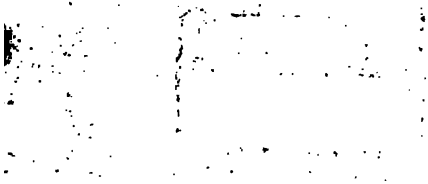
ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to the UNIVERSE.

OF Man *in the abſtract.* — I. *That we can judge only with regard to our* own ſyſtem, *being ignorant of the* relations *of ſyſtems and things*, ver. 17, etc. II. *That Man is not to be deemed* imperfect, *but a Being ſuited to his* place *and* rank *in the creation, agreeable to the* general Order *of things, and conformable to* Ends *and* Relations *to him unknown*, ver. 35, etc. III. *That it is partly upon his* ignorance *of* future *events, and partly upon the* hope *of a* future *ſtate, that all his happineſs in the preſent depends*, ver. 77, etc. IV. *The* pride *of aiming at more knowledge, and pre-*

tending to more Perfection, the cauſe of Man's error and miſery. The impiety *of putting himſelf in the place of* God, *and judging of the fitneſs or unfitneſs, perfection or imperfection, juſtice or injuſtice, of his diſpenſations,* ver. 109, etc. V. *The* abſurdity *of conceiting himſelf the* final cauſe *of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the* moral *world, which is not in the* natural, ver. 131, etc. VI. *The* unreaſonableneſs *of his complaints againſt* Providence; *while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to poſſeſs any of the* ſenſitive faculties *in a higher degree, would render him miſerable,* ver. 173, etc. VII. *That throughout the whole viſible world, an univerſal* order *and* gradation *in the ſenſual and mental faculties is obſerved, which cauſes a* ſubordination *of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of* ſenſe, inſtinct, thought, reflection, reaſon; *that Reaſon alone countervails all the other faculties,* ver. 207. VIII. *How much further this* order *and* ſubordination *of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected* creation *muſt be deſtroyed,* ver. 233. IX. *The* extravagance, madneſs, *and* pride *of ſuch a deſire,* ver. 250. X. *The conſequence of all, the* abſolute ſubmiſſion *due to Providence, both as to our* preſent *and* future ſtate. ver. 281, &c. *to the end.*



HOPE humbly then, with trembling Pinio
Wait the great teacher Death, and G

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my ST. JOHN! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.
et us (ſince Life can little more ſupply
han juſt to look about us, and to die)
xpatiate free o'er all this ſcene of Man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiſcuous ſhoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
ogether let us beat this ample field,
ry what the open, what the covert yield!
he latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
f all who blindly creep, or ſightleſs ſoar;
ye Nature's walks, ſhoot Folly as it flies,
nd catch the Manners living as they riſe:

The exordium of this poem relates to the whole work, of hich the *Eſſay on Man* was only the firſt book. The 6th, th, and 8th lines allude to the ſubjects of this *Eſſay*, *viz.* he general Order and Deſign of Providence; the Conſtitution of the human Mind; the origin, uſe, and end of the affions and Affections, both ſelfiſh and ſocial; and the wrong urſuits of Power, Pleaſure, and Happineſs. The 10th, 11th, 12th, *etc.* have relation to the ſubjects of the books ntended to follow, *viz.* the Characters and Capacities of en, and the Limits of Science, which once tranſgreſſed, gnorance begins, and error follows. The 13th and 14th, to he Knowlege of Mankind, and the various Manners of the ge.

Laugh where we muſt, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.

I. Say firſt, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reaſon, but from what we know!
Of Man, what ſee we but his ſtation here,
From which to reaſon, or to which refer?
Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vaſt immenſity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compoſe one univerſe,
Obſerve how ſyſtem into ſyſtem runs,
What other planets circle other ſuns,
What vary'd Being peoples ev'ry ſtar,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The ſtrong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations juſt, has thy pervading ſoul
Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn ſupports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Preſumptuous Man! the reaſon wouldſt thou find,
Why form'd ſo weak, ſo little, and ſo blind?
Firſt, if thou canſt, the harder reaſon gueſs,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no leſs?

VER. 21. *Thro' worlds unnumber'd, etc.*] Hunc cognoſcimus ſolummodo per Proprietates ſuas et Attributa, et per ſapientiſſimas et optimas rerum ſtructuras et cauſas finales. *Newtoni Princ. Schol. gen. ſub fin.*

Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and ſtronger than the weeds they ſhade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why JOVE's Satellites are leſs than JOVE?
Of Syſtems poſſible, if 'tis confeſt
That Wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
Where all muſt full or not coherent be,
And all that riſes, riſe in due degree;
Then, in the ſcale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There muſt be, ſomewhere, ſuch a rank as Man:
And all the queſtion (wrangle e'er ſo long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?
Reſpecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, muſt be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thouſand movements ſcarce one purpoſe gain;
In God's, one ſingle can its end produce;
Yet ſerves to ſecond too ſome other uſe.
So Man, who here ſeems principal alone,
Perhaps acts ſecond to ſome ſphere unknown,
Touches ſome wheel, or verges to ſome goal;
'Tis but a part we ſee, and not a whole.
When the proud ſteed ſhall know why man reſtrains
His fiery courſe, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions ver. 64.
Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

Then ſhall Man's pride and dulneſs comprehend
His actions', paſſions', being's, uſe and end;
Why doing, ſuff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and v
This hour a ſlave, the next a deity.

Then ſay not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge meaſur'd to his ſtate and place;
His time a moment, and a point his ſpace.
If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter, ſoon or late, or here, or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo,
As who began a thouſand years ago.

III. Heav'n from all creatures hides the book
Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits kn
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each my fiill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 68. the following lines in the firſt Edition.

If to be perfect in a certain ſphere,
What matter ſoon or late, or here or there?
The bleſt to-day is as completely ſo
As who began ten thouſand years ago.

Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms or ſyſtems into ruin hurl'd.
And now a bubble burſt, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt:
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy, and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul, proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt-hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the watry waſte,

VARIATIONS.

After ver 88. in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
That Virgil's Gnat ſhould die as Cæſar bleed.

In the firſt Folio and Quarto,

What bliſs *above* he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bliſs *below*.

Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiſer thou! and, in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancy'ſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjuſt;
If Man alone ingroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.
Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the firſt Edition;

But does he ſay the maker is not good,
Till he's exalted to what ſtate he wou'd:
Himſelf alone high Heav'n's peculiar care,
Alone made happy when he will, and where?

And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of ORDER, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.
V. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies ſhine,
Earth for whoſe uſe? Pride anſwers, " 'Tis for mine:
" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and ſpreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the roſe renew
" The juice nectarcous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thouſand treaſures brings;
" For me, health guſhes from a thouſand ſprings;
" Seas roll to waft me, ſuns to light me riſe;
" My foot-ſtool earth, my canopy the skies."
But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning ſuns when livid deaths deſcend,
When earthquakes ſwallow, or when tempeſts ſweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the firſt Almighty Cauſe
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th' exceptions few; ſome change ſince all began:
" And what created perfect? " — Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happineſs,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do leſs?

VER. 131. *Aſk for what end, etc.*] If there be any fault in theſe lines, it is not in the general ſentiment, but a want of exactneſs in expreſſing it.—It is the higheſt abſurdity to think that *Earth is* man's *foot-ſtool*, his *canopy the Skies*, and the *heavenly bodies* lighted up principally for his uſe; yet not ſo, to ſuppoſe fruits and minerals given for this end.

VER. 150. *Then Nature deviates, etc.*] " While comets " move in very eccentric orbs, in all manner of poſitions, blind

As much that end a conſtant courſe requires
Of ſhow'rs and ſun-ſhine, as of Man's deſires;
As much eternal ſprings and cloudleſs skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wiſe.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's de
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
Who knows but he, whoſe hand the lightning fc
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the ſtor
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæſar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon looſe to ſcourge mankii
From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning ſpri
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in thoſe, in theſe acquit
In both, to reaſon right, is to ſubmit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never paſſion diſcompos'd the mind.
But all ſubſiſts by elemental ſtrife;
And paſſions are the elements of Life.
The gen'ral ORDER, ſince the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

"Fate could never make all the planets move one ar
"ſame way in orbs concentric; ſome inconſiderable irr
"rities excepted, which may have riſen from the mutu
"tions of comets and planets upon one another, and
"will be apt to increaſe, 'till this ſyſtem wants a ref
"tion." *Sir Iſaac Newton's Optics, Queſt. ult.*

VER. 169. *But all ſubſiſts, etc.*] See this ſubject ext
in E. ii. from ver. 90. to 112, 155, *etc.*

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he
ſoar,
And little leſs than Angel, would be more;
Now looking downwards, juſt as griev'd appears
To want the ſtrength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his uſe all creatures if he call,
Say what their uſe, had he the pow'rs of all;
Nature to theſe, without profuſion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs aſſign'd;
Each ſeeming want compenſated of courſe,
Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?
The bliſs of Man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body, or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not Man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, man is not a Fly.

VER. 174. *And little leſs than Angel, etc.*] *Thou haſt made him a little lower than the Angels, and haſt crowned him with glory and honour.* Pſalm viii. 9.

VER. 182. *Here with degrees of ſwiftneſs, etc.*] It is a certain axiom in the anatomy of creatures, that, in proportion as they are formed for ſtrength, their ſwiftneſs is leſſened; or as they are formed for ſwiftneſs, their ſtrength is abated.

Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n,
T' inſpect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill?
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe;
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lioneſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:

Ver. 202. *Stunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,*] This inſtance is poetical and even ſublime, but miſplaced. He is arguing philoſophically in a caſe that required him to employ the *real* objects of ſenſe only: and, what is worſe, he ſpeaks of this as a *real* object. — *If* Nature *thunder'd, etc.* The caſe is different where (in ver. 253.) he ſpeaks of the motion of the heavenly bodies under the ſublime Imagery of *ruling Angels*: For whether there be *ruling Angels* or no, there is real *motion*, which was all his argument wanted; but if there be no *muſic of the ſpheres*, there was no real ſound which his argument was obliged to find.

Ver. 213. *The headlong lioneſs*] The manner of the lion

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquiſitely fine?
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew:
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from thought divide?
And Middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th' inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation, could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

VIII. See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!

hunting their prey in the Deſerts of Africa is this: At their firſt going out in the night-time they ſet up a loud roar, and then liſten to the noiſe made by the beaſts in their flight, purſuing them by the ear, and not by the noſtril. It is probable the ſtory of the jackal's hunting for the lion, was occaſioned by obſervation of this defect of ſcent in that terrible animal.

Vaſt chain of being! which from God began,
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing. — On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the sky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;

VER. 253. *Let ruling Angels, etc.*] The poet, throughout this poem, with great art uſes an advantage, which his employing a *Platonic* principle for the foundation of his Eſſay had afforded him; and that is the expreſſing himſelf (as here) in Platonic notions; which, luckily for his purpoſe, are highly poetical, at the ſame time that they add a grace to the uniformity of his reaſoning.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 238. Ed. 1ſt.

Ethereal eſſence, ſpirit, ſubſtance, man.

Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break — for whom? for thee?
Vile worm! — oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing MIND of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:

VER. 265. *Juſt as abſurd, etc.*] See the proſecution and application of this in Ep. iv.

VER. 266. *The great directing mind, etc.*] "Veneramur autem et colimus ob dominium. Deus enim ſine dominio, providentia, et cauſis finalibus, nihil aliud eſt quam FATUM et NATURA." *Newtoni Princip. Schol. gener. ſub finem.*

To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

X. Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection nam
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degre
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit. — In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou cank not ſee
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good.
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 282. in the MS.

Reaſon, to think of God, when ſhe pretends,
Begins a Cenſor, an Adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF

PISTLE II.

he Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Himſelf, *as an Individual.*

E buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, *but to ſtudy* ſelf. *His* Middle Nature: *his Powers and Frail-*, ver. 1 to 19. *The Limits of his* Capacity, ver. etc. II. *The two Principles of Man,* Self-love Reaſon, *both neceſſary,* ver. 53, etc. Self-love *ſtronger, and why,* ver. 67, etc. *Their end the e,* ver. 81, etc. III. *The* Passions, *and their* ver. 93 to 130. *The* Predominant Paſſion, *its force,* ver. 132 to 160. *Its Neceſſity, in ting Men to different purpoſes,* ver. 165, etc. *Its vidential Uſe, in fixing our Principle, and aſcer-ing our Virtue,* ver. 177. IV. Virtue *and* Vice *ed in our* mixed Nature; *the limits near, yet the gs* ſeparate *and* evident: *What is the Office of* ſon, ver. 202 to 216. V. *How odious* Vice *in lf, and how we deceive ourſelves into it,* ver. 217. *That, however, the* Ends *of* Providence *and* eral Good *are anſwered in our Paſſions and Im-ſtions,* ver. 238, etc. *How uſefully theſe are ributed to all* Orders of Men, ver. 241. *How ul they are to* Society, ver. 251. *And to the* ividuals, ver. 263. *In every* ſtate, *and every of life,* ver. 273, etc.

EPISTLE II.

I. KNOW then thyſelf, preſume not God to ſc
The proper ſtudy of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this iſthmus of a middle ſtate,
A Being darkly wiſe, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic ſide,
With too much weakneſs for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or reſt;
In doubt to deem himſelf a God, or Beaſt;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err;
Alike in ignorance, his reaſon ſuch,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Paſſion, all confus'd;
Still by himſelf abus'd or diſabus'd;
Created half to riſe, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;

VER. 2. *The proper ſtudy, etc.*] The poet having ſhewn, the *firſt* epiſtle, that the *ways of God* are too high for comprehenſion, rightly draws this concluſion: and met dically makes it the ſubject of his Introduction to the *ſe* which treats of the *Nature of Man*.

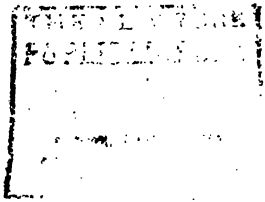
VARIATIONS.

VER. 2. Ed. 1ſt.

The only ſcience of Mankind is Man.

Love still stronger, as it's Objects nigh;
Reason's at distance, and in Prospect lie;
That sees immediate Good by present Sense,
But Reason the future, and the Consequence.

Pope: on Man. Ep. II



ole judge of Truth, in endleſs Error hurl'd:
he glory, jeſt, and riddle of the world!
Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,
o, meaſure earth, weigh air, and ſtate the tides;
ıſtruct the planets in what orbs to run,
orrect old Time, and regulate the Sun;

VER. 22. *Correct old Time,*] This alludes to Sir Iſaac Newn's Grecian Chronology, which he reformed on thoſe two

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 18. In the MS.

For more perfection than this ſtate can bear
In vain we ſigh, Heav'n made us as we are.
As wiſely ſure a modeſt Ape might aim
To be like Man, whoſe faculties and frame
He ſees, he feels, as you or I to be
An Angel thing we neither know nor ſee.
Obſerve how near he edges on our race;
What human tricks! how riſible of face!
It muſt be ſo — why elſe have I the ſenſe
Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
Why elſe to walk on two ſo oft eſſay'd;
And why this ardent longing for a maid!
So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
'Till ſet on end, and married to his mind.
Go, reaſoning Thing! aſſume the Doctor's chair.
As Plato deep, as Seneca ſevere:
Fix moral fitneſs, and to God give rule,
Then drop into thyſelf, etc.

VER. 21. Ed. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wand'ring planets ſtray,
Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

Go, ſoar with Plato to th' empyreal ſphere,
To the firſt good, firſt perfect, and firſt fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting ſenſe call imitating God;
As Eaſtern prieſts in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wiſdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyſelf, and be a fool!
Superior beings, when of late they ſaw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape,
And ſhew'd a NEWTON as we ſhew an Ape.
Could he, whoſe rules the rapid Comet bind,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of his Mind?
Who ſaw its fires here riſe, and there deſcend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?

ſublime conceptions, the difference between the reign kings, and the generations of men; and the poſition of colures of the equinoxes and ſolſtices at the time of the gonautic expedition.

VER. 37. *Who ſaw its fires here riſe, etc.*] Sir Iſaac N ton, in calculating the velocity of a Comet's motion, the courſe it deſcribes, when it becomes viſible in its cent to, and aſcent from the Sun, conjectured, with

VARIATIONS.

VER. 35. Ed. firſt.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,
Deſcribe or fix one movement of the Soul?
Who mark'd their points to riſe or to deſcend,
Explain his own beginning or his end?

Alas what wonder! Man's ſuperior part
Uncheck'd may riſe, and climb from art to art;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reaſon weaves, by Paſſion is undone.
Trace Science then, with Modeſty thy guide;
Firſt ſtrip off all her equipage of Pride;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dreſs,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;
Or tricks to ſhew the ſtretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain;

higheſt appearance of truth, that Comets revolve perpetually round the Sun, in ellipſes vaſtly eccentrical, and very nearly approaching to parabolas. In which he was greatly confirmed, in obſerving between two Comets a coincidence in their perihelions, and a perfect agreement in their velocities.

VER. 45. — *Vanity, or Dreſs,*] Theſe are the firſt parts of what the Poet, in the preceding line, calls the ſcholar's *equipage of Pride.* By *vanity*, is meant that luxuriancy of thought and expreſſion in which a writer indulges himſelf, to ſhew the fruitfulneſs of his fancy or invention. By *dreſs*, is to be underſtood a lower degree of that practice, in amplification of thought and ornamental expreſſion, to give force to what the writer would convey: but even this, the poet, in a ſevere ſearch after truth, condemns! and with great judgment. Conciſeneſs of thought and ſimplicity of expreſſion, being as well the beſt *inſtruments*, as the beſt *vehicles* of Truth.

VER. 46. *Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleneſs;*] The *Luxury of Learning* conſiſts in dreſſing up and diſguiſing old notions in a new way, ſo as to make them more faſhionable and palateable; inſtead of examining and ſcrutinizing their truth. As this is often done for pomp and ſhew, it is called *luxury*; as it is often done too to ſave pains and labour, it is called *idleneſs.*

VER. 47. *Or tricks to ſhew the ſtrength of human brain,*] Such

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts
Of all our Vices have created Arts;
Then ſee how little the remaining ſum,
Which ſerv'd the paſt, and muſt the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;
Self-love, to urge, and Reaſon, to reſtrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all:
And to their proper operation ſtill,
Aſcribe all Good, to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the ſpring of motion, acts the ſoul;
Reaſon's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
Or, meteor-like, flame lawleſs thro' the void,
Deſtroying others, by himſelf deſtroy'd.

Moſt ſtrength the moving principle requires;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inſpires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and adviſe.

as the mathematical demonſtrations concerning the *ſum quantity of matter*, the *endleſs diviſibility* of it, *etc.*

VER. 48. *Mere curious pleaſure, or ingenious pain*;] That i when *Admiration* ſets the mind on the rack.

VER. 49. *Expunge the whole, or lop th' excreſcent parts — all our vices have created Arts*;] *i. e.* Thoſe parts of natur Philoſophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Poetry, *etc.* that adminiſter luxury, deceit, ambition, effeminacy, *etc.*

Self-love, ſtill ſtronger, as its objects nigh;
Reaſon's at diſtance, and in proſpect lie:
That ſees immediate good by preſent ſenſe;
Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
At beſt more watchful this, but that more ſtrong.
The Action of the ſtronger to ſuſpend
Reaſon ſtill uſe, to Reaſon ſtill attend.
Attention, habit and experience gains;
Each ſtrengthens Reaſon, and Self-love reſtrains.
Let ſubtle ſchoolmen teach theſe friends to fight,
More ſtudious to divide than to unite;
And Grace and Virtue, Senſe and Reaſon ſplit,
With all the raſh dexterity of wit.
Wits, juſt like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the ſame.
Self-love and Reaſon to one end aſpire,
Pain their averſion, Pleaſure their deſire;
But greedy That, its object would devour,
This taſte the honey, and not wound the flow'r:
Pleaſure, or wrong or rightly underſtood,
Our greateſt evil, or our greateſt good.

VER. 74. *Reaſon, the future and the conſequence.*] *i. e.* By *experience* Reaſon collects the *future*; and by *argumentation*, the *conſequence*.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frighted Fools,
Of good and evil Reaſon puzzled Schools,
Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught —

III. Modes of Self-love the Paſſions we may c
'Tis real good, or ſeeming, moves them all:
But ſince not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reaſon bids us for our own provide:
Paſſions, tho' ſelfiſh, if their means be fair,
Liſt under Reaſon, and deſerve her care;
Thoſe, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take ſome Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boaſt
Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a froſt;
Contracted all, retiring to the breaſt;
But ſtrength of mind is Exerciſe, not Reſt:
The riſing tempeſt puts in act the ſoul,
Parts it may ravage, but preſerves the whole.
On life's vaſt ocean diverſely we ſail,
Reaſon the card, but paſſion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the ſtill calm we find,
He mounts the ſtorm, and walks upon the wind.

Paſſions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and ſoften'd, in his work unite:
Theſe 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what compoſes Man, can Man deſtroy!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108. in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how uſeleſs lies
The compaſs, if no pow'rful guſts ariſe?

After ver. 112. in the MS.

The ſoft reward the virtuous, or invite;
— The fierce, the vicious puniſh or affright.

that Reaſon keep to Nature's road,
, compound them, follow her and God.
Hope, and Joy, fair pleaſure's ſmiling train,
Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
nixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
ınd maintain the balance of the mind :
ghts and ſhades, whoſe well accorded ſtrife
ll the ſtrength and colour of our life.
ures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
hen, in act, they ceaſe, in proſpect, riſe :
to graſp, and future ſtill to find,
hole employ of body and of mind.
ead their charms, but charm not all alike ;
'rent ſenſes, diff'rent objects ſtrike ;
diff'rent Paſſions more or leſs inflame,
ng or weak, the organs of the frame ;
nce one MASTER PASSION in the breaſt,
aron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt.
Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
s the lurking principle of death ;
ing diſeaſe, that muſt ſubdue at length,
with his growth, and ſtrengthens with his
ſtrength :

133. *As man perhaps, etc.*] "Antipater Sidonius Poeta bus annis uno die natali tantum corripiebatur febre, conſumptus eſt ſatis longa ſenecta." Plin. lib. vii. 1. This *Antipater* was in the times of Craſſus, and ated for the quickneſs of his parts by Cicero.

So, caſt and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's diſeaſe, its RULING PASSION came;
Each vital humour which ſhould feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in ſoul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions ſpread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurſe;
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worſe;
Reaſon itſelf but gives it edge and pow'r;
As Heav'n's bleſt beam turns vinegar more ſow'r.
We, wretched ſubjects tho' to lawful ſway,
In this weak queen, ſome fav'rite ſtill obey:
Ah! if ſhe lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can ſhe more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,
A ſharp accuſer, but a helpleſs friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to perſuade
The choice we make, or juſtify it made;
Proud of an eaſy conqueſt all along,
She but removes weak paſſions for the ſtrong:
So, when ſmall humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.
Yes, Nature's road muſt ever be prefer'd;
Reaſon is here no guide, but ſtill a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this paſſion more as friend than foe:

ghtier Pow'r the ſtrong direction ſends,
ſev'ral Men impels to ſev'ral ends:
varying winds, by other paſſions toſt,
drives them conſtant to a certain coaſt.
ow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, pleaſe,
oft more ſtrong than all) the love of eaſe;
' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
merchant's toil, the ſage's indolence,
monk's humility, the hero's pride,
all alike, find Reaſon on their ſide.
h' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
ts on this Paſſion our beſt principle:
thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
ig grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
in one int'reſt body acts with mind.
s fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
avage ſtocks inſerted, learn to bear;
ſureſt virtues thus from Paſſions ſhoot,
l Nature's vigor working at the root.
it crops of wit and honeſty appear
n ſpleen, from obſtinacy, hate, or fear!
anger, zeal and fortitude ſupply;
l av'rice, prudence; ſloth, philoſophy;
, thro' ſome certain ſtrainers well refin'd,
entle love, and charms all womankind;
y, to which th' ignoble mind's a ſlave,
mulation in the learn'd or brave;

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue neareſt to our vice ally'd:
Reaſon the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reign a Titus, if he will.
The fiery ſoul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The ſame ambition can deſtroy or ſave,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.
This light and darkneſs in our chaos join'd,
What ſhall divide? The God within the mind.

VER. 204. *The God within the mind.*] A Platonic phraſe

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194. in the MS.

How oft, with Paſſion, Virtue points her Charms!
Then ſhines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.
Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,
Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?
But Virtues oppoſite to make agree,
That, Reaſon! is thy taſk, and worthy Thee.
Hard taſk, cries Bibulus, and reaſon weak.
—Make it a point, dear Marqueſs, or a pique.
Once, for a whim, perſuade yourſelf to pay
A debt to reaſon, like a debt at play.
For right or wrong, have mortals ſuffer'd more?
B— for his Prince, or ** for his Whore?
Whoſe ſelf-denials nature moſt controul?
His, who would ſave a Sixpence, or his Soul?
Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,
Contend they not which ſooneſt ſhall grow thin?
What we reſolve, we can: but here's the fault,
We ne'er reſolve to do the thing we ought.

in Nature equal ends produce,
join to ſome myſterious uſe;
y turns the other's bounds invade,
well-wrought picture, light and ſhade,
ıix, the diff'rence is too nice
the Virtue, or begins the Vice.
ıo from hence into the notion fall,
: Virtue there is none at all.
black blend, ſoften, and unite
vays, is there no black or white?
'n heart, and nothing is ſo plain;
ke them, coſts the time and pain.
nonſter of ſo frightful mein,
ıted, needs but to be ſeen;
oft, familiar with her face,
ıre, then pity, then embrace.

; and here employed with great judgment and
r Conſcience either ſignifies, ſpeculatively, the
paſs of things upon whatever principles we
; and then it is only Opinion, a very unable
ler. Or elſe it ſignifies, practically, the ap-
e eternal rule of right (received by us as the
ɔ the regulation of our actions; and then it is
ience, *the God* (or the law of God) *within the*
· to divide the light from the darkneſs in this
ıſſions.

VARIATIONS.

20. in the firſt Edition followed theſe,

a Whore! who ſtarts not at the name,
Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tw
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zemble, or the Lord knows wh
No creature owns it in the firſt degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he;
Ev'n thoſe who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier natures ſhrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man muſt be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wiſe;
And ev'n the beſt, by fits, what they deſpiſe.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it ſtill;
Each individual ſeeks a ſev'ral goal;
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the W
That counter-works each folly and caprice;
That diſappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice;
That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

The Col'nel ſwears the Agent is a dog,
The Scriv'ner vows th' Attorney is a rogue,
Againſt the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
For whoſe ten pound the County twenty pays,
The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of St
And dying, mourns ſmall Villians hang'd by gre

ateſman, raſhneſs to the chief,
ſumption, and to crowds belief:
's ends from vanity can raiſe,
no int'reſt, no reward but praiſe;
wants, and on defects of mind,
peace, the glory of Mankind.
ming each on other to depend,
a ſervant, or a friend,
other for aſſiſtance call,
n's weakneſs grows the ſtrength of all.
ies, paſſions, cloſer ſtill ally
int'reſt, or endear the tie.
owe true friendſhip, love ſincere,
lt joy that life inherits here;
ſame we learn, in its decline,
thoſe loves, thoſe int'reſts to reſign;
by reaſon, half by mere decay,
death, and calmly paſs away.
he Paſſion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
change his neighbour with himſelf.
s happy nature to explore,
appy that he knows no more;
appy in the plenty giv'n,
tents him with the care of Heav'n.
beggar dance, the cripple ſing,
o, lunatic a king;
chemiſt in his golden views
eſt, the poet in his Muſe.

— *the poet in his Muſe.*] The author having ſaid, would change his profeſſion or views for thoſe

See ſome ſtrange comfort ev'ry ſtate attend,
And pride beſtow'd on all, a common friend:
See ſome fit paſſion ev'ry age ſupply,
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a ſtraw:
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuſe his riper ſtage,
And beads and pray'r books are the toys of age:
Pleas'd with this bauble ſtill, as that before;
'Till tir'd he ſleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays
Thoſe painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happineſs by Hope ſupply'd,
And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:

of another, intended to carry his obſervation ſtill furth and ſhew that Men were unwilling to exchange their own quirements even for thoſe of the ſame kind, confeſſedly lar and infinitely more eminent, in another. To this end wrote,

What partly pleaſes, totally will ſhock:
I queſtion much, if *Toland* would be *Locke*.

but wanting another proper inſtance of this truth when publiſhed his laſt Edition of the Eſſay, he reſerved the l above for ſome following one.

VER. 286. *And each vacuity of ſenſe by Pride:*] An emi Caſuiſt, *Father Francis Garaſſe*, in his *Somme Theologique*, drawn a very charitable concluſion from this principle. " " lon la Juſtice (ſays this equitable Divine) tout travail l " nète doit être recompenſé de loüange ou de ſatisfa

uild as faſt as knowledge can deſtroy;
's cup ſtill laughs the bubble, joy;
ſpect loſt, another ſtill we gain;
t a vanity is giv'n in vain;
an Self-love becomes, by force divine,
lé to meaſure others wants by thine.
id confeſs, one comfort ſtill muſt riſe;
, Tho' Man's a fool yet GOD IS WISE.

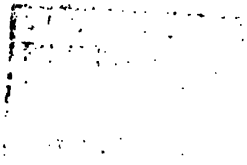
les bons eſprits ſont un ouvrage excellent, ils ſont ent recompenſez par les ſuffrages du Public. Quand uvre eſprit travaille beaucoup, pour faire un mau- vrage, il n'eſt pas juſte ni raiſonable, qu'il attende anges publiques: car elles ne lui ſont pas dues. ıfin que ſes travaux ne demeurent pas ſans recom- *Dieu* lui donne une ſatisfaction perſonelle, que per- ne lui peut envier ſans une injuſtice plus que bar- tout ainſi que Dieu, qui eſt juſte, donne de la ſa- on aux Grenouilles de leur chant. Autrement le public, joint à leur mécontentement, ſeroit ſuffi- ıut les réduire au deſeſpoir."

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE II

Of the Nature and State of Man with r
Society.

I. *THE whole Univerſe one ſyſtem of Societ* etc. *Nothing made wholly for* itſelf, *nor for* another, ver. 27. *The happineſs of* An *tual,* ver. 49. II. Reaſon *or* Inſtinct *ope to the good of each Individual,* ver. 79. Inſtinct *operate alſo to Society in all animals,* III. *How far* Society *carried by Inſtinct, How much farther by Reaſon,* ver. 128. *that which is called the* State of Nature, *Reaſon inſtructed by Inſtinct in the inventio* ver. 166, *and in the Forms of* Society, ver. *Origin of Political Societies,* ver. 196. *Monarchy,* ver. 207. *Patriarchal Gover* 212. VI. *Origin of true Religion and G from the ſame principle, of Love,* ver. 231, *gin of Superſtition and Tyranny, from the ciple, of Fear,* ver. 237, etc. *The Influe love operating to the* ſocial *and* public *Good Reſtoration of true Religion and Governme firſt principle,* ver. 285. *Mixt Government Various Forms of each, and the true end o* 300, etc.



See some fit Passion every Ag
Hope travels through, nor quits us n
Cl

PISTLE III.

RE then we reſt: "The Univerſal Cauſe
'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."
he madneſs of ſuperfluous health,
m of pride, the impudence of wealth,
; great truth be preſent night and day;
ft be preſent, if we preach or pray.
t round our World; behold the chain of Love
ıing all below and all above.
ſtie Nature working to this end,
ıgle atoms each to other tend,
, attracted to, the next in place
and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

are now come to the third epiſtle of the Eſſay on
It having been ſhewn, in explaining the origin, uſe,
l of the Paſſions, in the ſecond epiſtle, that Man
cial as well as ſelfiſh paſſions, that doctrine natu-
roduceth the third, which treats of Man as a SOCIAL
, and connects it with the ſecond, which conſidered
n INDIVIDUAL.

12. *Form'd and impell'd, etc.*] To make Matter ſo
s to fit it for the uſes intended by its Creator, a pro-
guration of its inſenſible parts, is as neceſſary as that

VARIATIONS.

1. In ſeveral Edit. in 4to.
ırn, Dulneſs, learn! "The Univerſal Cauſe, etc.

See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Preſs to one centre ſtill, the gen'ral Good.
See dying vegetables life ſuſtain,
See life diſſolving vegetate again:
All forms that periſh other forms ſupply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the ſea of Matter born,
They riſe, they break, and to that ſea return.
Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul
Connects each being, greateſt with the leaſt;
Made Beaſt in aid of Man, and Man of Beaſt;
All ſerv'd, all ſerving: nothing ſtands alone;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknow

Has God, thou fool, work'd ſolely for thy go
Thy joy, thy paſtime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly ſpread the flow'ry lawn:

quality ſo equally and univerſally conferred upon it, c
Attraction. To expreſs the firſt part of this thought,
Author ſays *form'd*; and to expreſs the latter, *impell'd.*

VER. 22. *One all-extending, all-preſerving Soul*] Which
the language of Sir Iſaac Newton, is, "Deus omnipra
"eſt, non per virtutem ſolam, ſed etiam per ſubſtanti
"nam virtus ſine ſubſtantia ſubſiſtere non poteſt." *N*
Princ. ſchol. gen. ſub finem.

VER. 23. *Greateſt with the leaſt*;] as acting more ſtro
and immediately in beaſts, whoſe inſtinct is plainly an e
nal reaſon; which made an old ſchool-man ſay, with g
elegance, "Deus eſt anima brutorum:"

In this 'tis God directs —

Is it for thee the lark aſcends and ſings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures ſwell the note.
The bounding ſteed you pompouſly beſtride,
Shares with his lord the pleaſure and the pride.
Is thine alone the ſeed that ſtrews the plain?
The birds of heav'n ſhall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harveſt of the golden year?
Part pays, and juſtly, the deſerving ſteer:
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children ſhall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my uſe!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd gooſe:
And juſt as ſhort of reaſon He muſt fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful ſtill the weak controul;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole:

Ver. 45. *See all things for my uſe!*] On the contrary, the wiſe man hath ſaid, *The Lord hath made all things for himſelf*, Prov. xvi. 4.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 46. in the former Editions.

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Gooſe could judge, he reaſon'd right;
But as to Man, miſtook the matter quite.

Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, ſtooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, ſpare the dove!
Admires the jay the inſect's gilded wings?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?
Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
To beaſts his paſtures and to fiſh his floods;
For ſome his int'reſt prompts him to provide,
For more his pleaſure, yet for more his pride:
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th' extenſive bleſſing of his luxury,
That very life his learned hunger craves,
He ſaves from famine, from the ſavage ſaves;
Nay, feaſts the animal he dooms his feaſt,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bleſt:
Which ſees no more the ſtroke, or feels the pain
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial ſlain.
The creature had his feaſt of life before;
Thou too muſt periſh, when thy feaſt is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the uſeleſs knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with ſuch a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:

VER. 62. *Than favour'd Man, etc.*] Several of the anci and many of the Orientals ſince, eſteemed thoſe who ſtruck by lightning as ſacred perſons, and the particula vourites of Heaven.

hour conceal'd, and ſo remote the fear,
th ſtill draws nearer, never ſeeming near.
:at ſtanding miracle! that Heav'n aſſign'd
only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether with Reaſon, or with Inſtinct bleſt,
now, all enjoy that pow'r which ſuits them beſt;
'o bliſs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Inſtinct is th' unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beſide?
Reaſon, however able, cool at beſt,
Cares not for ſervice, or but ſerves when preſt,
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,
But honeſt Inſtinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'er-ſhoot, but juſt to hit!
While ſtill too wide or ſhort is human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happineſs to gain,
Which heavier Reaſon labours at in vain.
This too ſerves always, Reaſon never long;
One muſt go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours!

VARIATIONS.

VER. 84. in the MS.

While Man, with op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge ſtrays:
Too weak to chuſe, yet chuſing ſtill in haſte,
[illegible] moment gives the pleaſure and diſtaſte.

And Reaſon raiſe o'er Inſtinct as you can,
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To ſhun their poiſon, and to chuſe their food?
Preſcient, the tides or tempeſts to withſtand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the ſand?
Who made the ſpider parallels deſign,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the ſtork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown befo
Who calls the council, ſtates the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the wa

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliſs, and ſets it proper bounds:
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bleſs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happineſs:
So from the firſt, eternal ORDER ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or ſhoots beneath the de
Or pours profuſe on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and ſwells the genial ſeeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the ſky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itſelf, but not itſelf alone,
Each ſex deſires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleaſure with the fierce embra
They love themſelves, a third time, in thei

Thus beaſt and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurſe it, and the ſires defend ;
The young diſmiſs'd to wander earth or air,
There ſtops the Inſtinct, and there ends the care,
The link diſſolves, each ſeeks a freſh embrace,
Another love ſucceeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpleſs kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more laſting bands :
Reflection, Reaſon, ſtill the ties improve,
At once extend the int'reſt, and the love :
With choice we fix, with ſympathy we burn ;
Each Virtue in each Paſſion takes its turn ;
And ſtill new needs, new helps, new habits riſe,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another roſe,
Theſe nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual thoſe :
The laſt, ſcarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpleſs him from whom their life began :
Mem'ry and fore-caſt juſt returns engage,
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleaſure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still ſpread the int'reſt, and preſerv'd the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod;
The ſtate of Nature was the reign of God :
Self-love and Social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade ;

The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the ſame temple, the reſounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The ſhrine with gore unſtain'd, with gold undreſt,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, ſtood the blameleſs prieſt:
Heav'n's Attribute was Univerſal Care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but ſpare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their ſpecies, and betrays his own.
But juſt diſeaſe to luxury ſucceeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The Fury-paſſions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer ſavage, Man.
See him from Nature riſing ſlow to Art!
To copy Inſtinct then was Reaſon's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature ſpake —
"Go, from the Creatures thy inſtructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;
"Learn from the beaſts the phyſic of the field;

VER. 173. *Learn from the birds, etc.*] It is a caution commonly practiſed among Navigators, when thrown upon a deſert coaſt, and in want of refreſhments, to obſerve what fruits have been touched by the Birds: and to venture on theſe without further heſitation.

VER. 174. *Learn from the beaſts, etc.*] See Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* l. viii. c. 27. where ſeveral inſtances are given of Animals diſcovering the medicinal efficacy of herbs, by their own uſe

" Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
" Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
" Learn of the little Nautilus to ſail,
" Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
" Here too all forms of ſocial union find,
" And hence let Reaſon, late, inſtruct Mankind:
" Here ſubterranean works and cities ſee;
" There towns aërial on the waving tree.
" Learn each ſmall People's genius, policies,
" The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
" How thoſe in common all their wealth beſtow,
" And Anarchy without confuſion know;
" And theſe for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
" Their ſep'rate cells and properties maintain.
" Mark what unvary'd laws preſerve each ſtate,
" Laws wiſe as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
" In vain thy Reaſon finer webs ſhall draw,
" Entangle Juſtice in her net of Law,
" And right too rigid, harden into wrong;
" Still for the ſtrong too weak, the weak too ſtrong.

of them; and pointing out to ſome operations in the art of healing, by their own practice.

VER. 177. *Learn of the little Nautilus*] Oppian. Halicut. lib. i. deſcribes this fiſh in the following manner: " They " ſwim on the ſurface of the ſea, on the back of their ſhells, " which exactly reſembles the hulk of a ſhip; they raiſe two " feet like maſts, and extend a membrane between, which " ſerve as a ſail; the other two feet they employ as oars " at the ſide. They are uſually ſeen in the Mediterra- " nean."

" Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures ſway,
" Thus let the wiſer make the reſt obey;
" And for thoſe Arts mere Inſtinct could afford,
" Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as God ador'd."

V. Great Nature ſpoke; obſervant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here roſe one little ſtate; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the ſtreams in purer rills deſcend?
What War could raviſh, Commerce could beſtow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe,
Converſe and Love mankind might ſtrongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

VER. 208. *When Love was Liberty,*] *i. e.* When Men had no need to guard their native liberty from their governors by

VARIATIONS.

VER. 197. in the firſt Editions.

Who for thoſe Arts they learn'd of brutes before,
As Kings ſhall crown them, or as God adore.

VER. 201. *Here roſe one little ſtate, etc.*] In the MS. thus,

The Neighbours leagu'd to guard the common ſpot:
And Love was Nature's dictate, Murder, not.
For want alone each animal contends;
Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and ſtreams around.
No Treaſure then for rapine to invade,
What need to fight for ſun-ſhine or for ſhade?
And half the cauſe of conteſt was remov'd,
When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Thus States were form'd; the name of King unknown,
'Till common int'reſt plac'd the ſway in one.
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffuſing bleſſings, or averting harms)
The ſame which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.
VI. 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch ſate,
King, prieſt, and parent, of his growing ſtate;
On him, their ſecond Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,
Draw forth the monſters of th' abyſs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.
'Till drooping, ſick'ning, dying they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from ſire to ſire, explor'd
One great firſt father, and that firſt ador'd.
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from ſire to ſon;
The worker from the work diſtinct was known,
And ſimple Reaſon never ſought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had broke that ſteddy light,
Man, like his Maker, ſaw that all was right;

civil factions; the love which each maſter of a family had for thoſe under his care being their beſt ſecurity.

VER. 231. *Ere Wit oblique, etc.*] A beautiful alluſion to the effects of the priſmatic glaſs on the rays of light.

To Virtue, in the paths of Pleaſure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and underſtood
A ſov'reign being, but a ſov'reign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran,
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms und
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, La
'Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects mad
She, 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſo
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and burſting skies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her God:
Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.

then, not charity, became the guide;
hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
ı ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
s grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
ı firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood!
heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
play'd the God an engine on his foe.
drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
ne Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
hat reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
what one likes, if others like as well,
t ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
:aker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
afety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
oin to guard, what each deſires to gain.
'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,
Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
found the private in the public good.
'was then the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
w'r of God, or friend of human-kind,

ER. 283. *'Twas then, etc.*] The poet ſeemeth here to the polite and flouriſhing age of Greece: and thoſe be tors to Mankind, which he had principally in view, Socrates and Ariſtotle; who, of all the pagan world, beſt of God, and wrote beſt of Government.

Poet or Patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:
Taught Pow'rs due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught not to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government, let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:

VER. 303. *For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;*] The author of theſe lines was far from meaning that no one form of Government is, in itſelf, better than another (as, that mixed or limited Monarchy, for example, is not preferable to abſolute) but that no form of Government, however excellent or preferable, in itſelf, can be ſufficient to make a people happy, unleſs it be adminiſtered with integrity. Or the contrary, the beſt ſort of Government, when the *form* of it is preſerved, and the *adminiſtration* corrupt, is moſt dangerous.

For Modes of Faith, let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope, the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind, or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

ARGUMENT OF

EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to Happineſs.

I. *FALSE Notions of Happineſs, Philoſophical and Popular, anſwered from* ver. 19 to 77. II. *It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all.* ver. 30. *God intends Happineſs to be* equal; *and to be ſo, it muſt be* ſocial, *ſince all particular Happineſs depends on general, and ſince he governs by* general, *not* particular Laws, ver. 37. *As it is neceſſary for* Order, *and the peace and welfare of* Society, *that* external goods *ſhould be* unequal, *Happineſs is not made to conſiſt in theſe,* ver. 51. *But, notwithſtanding that inequality, the* balance *of Happineſs among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Paſſions of* Hope *and* Fear, ver. 70. III. *What the Happineſs of* Individuals *is, as far as is conſiſtent with the conſtitution of this world and that the* good Man *has here the advantage,* ver 77. *The error of imputing to* Virtue *what are only the calamities of* Nature, *or of* Fortune, ver. 94 IV. *The folly of expecting that God ſhould alter his general Laws in favour of particulars,* ver. 121. V *That we are not judges who are good; but that who ever they are, they muſt be happieſt,* ver. 133. etc VI. *That* external goods *are not the proper reward*

but often inconſiſtent with, or deſtructive of Virtue, ver. 167. *That even theſe can make no Man happy without Virtue: Inſtanced in* Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. [illegible] Greatneſs, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. [illegible] Talents, ver. 259, etc. *With pictures of* [illegible] *infelicity in Men poſſeſſed of them all*, ver. 269, etc. VII. *That* Virtue only *conſtitutes a Happineſs, whoſe object is* univerſal, *and whoſe proſpect* eternal, ver 309, etc. *That the* perfection *of* Virtue *and* Happineſs *conſiſts in a* conformity *to the* ORDER *of* PROVIDENCE *here, and a* Reſignation *to it here and hereafter*, ver. 326, etc.

EPISTLE IV.

OH HA[illegible] our being's end and aim!
Good, [illegible]ure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er th
name
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to li[illegible]e, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! [illegible]opt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep wi[illegible]di'monds in the flaming mine?

THE two [illegible]ſtles having conſidered M with regard to the *Means* (that is, in all his relations, wh ther as an Individual, or a Member of Society) this l comes to conſider him with regard to the *End*, that is, *Ha* PINESS.

VER. 6. *O'er-look'd, ſeen double,*] *O'er-look'd* by thoſe w place Happineſs in any thing excluſive of Virtue; *ſeen do* by thoſe who admit any thing elſe to have a ſhare with V tue in procuring Happineſs; theſe being the two gene miſtakes that this epiſtle is employed in confuting.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 1. *Oh Happineſs! etc.*] in the MS. thus,

Oh Happineſs, to which we all aſpire,
Wing'd with ſtrong hope, and borne by full deſire;
That eaſe, for which in want, in wealth we ſigh;
That eaſe, for which we labour and we die.

Now then this Truth (enough for Man to know)
Virtue alone is Happiness below.

Essay on Man. Ep II.

d with the wreaths Parnaſſian lawrels yield,
.p'd in iron harveſts of the field?
: grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
ıght to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
to no ſpot is happineſs ſincere,
o where to be found, or ev'ry where:
ever to be bought, but always free,
ed from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
: of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
)ids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind,
place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;

. 21. *Some place the bliſs in action, — Some ſink in beaſts,* . Thoſe who place Happineſs, or the *ſummum bonum*, ſure, Ἡδονὴ, ſuch as the Cyrenaic ſect, called on that t the Hedonic. 2. Thoſe who place it in a certain llity or calmneſs of Mind, which they call Εὐθυμία, ; the Democritic ſect. 3. The Epicurean. 4. The 5. The Protagorean, which held that Man was χρημάτων μέτρον, *the meaſure of all things*; for that all which appear to him *are*, and thoſe things which ap- ıt to any Man *are not*; ſo that every imagination or ı of every man was true. 6. The Sceptic: Whoſe : Doubt is with great judgment ſaid to be the effect of ıce, as well as the abſolute Truſt of the Protagorean s : ſame dread of labour attending the ſearch of which makes the Ptotagorean preſume it to be always , makes the Sceptic conclude it is never to be found. ly difference is, that the lazineſs of the one is de- g, and the lazineſs of the other ſanguine; yet both e it a good name, and call it Happineſs.

Some ſunk to Beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various paſſions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.

Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing Individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:

VER. 23. *Some ſunk to Beaſts, etc.*] Theſe four lines in the laſt Edition, as neceſſary to complete the ſum of the falſe purſuits after happineſs amongſt the Greek Philoſophers.

Each has his ſhare: and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'n's firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all Men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52. in the MS.

Say not, "Heav'n's here profuſe, there poorly ſaves,
"And for one Monarch makes a thouſand ſlaves."
You'll find, when Cauſes and their Ends are known,
'Twas for the thouſand Heav'n has made that one.

After ver 66. in the MS.

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a ſtay:
The reſt mad Fortune gives or takes away.

Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.

Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health conſiſts with Temperance alone;
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
But theſe leſs taſte them, as they worſe obtain.
Say, in purſuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the moſt, that take wrong means, or right?
Of Vice or Virtue, whether bleſt or curſt,
Which meets contempt, or which compaſſion firſt.
Count all th' advantage proſp'rous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and diſdains:

VARIATIONS.

All other bliſs by accident's debar'd;
But Virtue's, in the inſtant, a reward:
In hardeſt trials operates the beſt,
And more is reliſh'd as the more diſtreſt.

And grant the bad what happineſs they wou'd,
One they muſt want, which is, to paſs for good.
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole ſcheme below,
Who fancy Bliſs to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
Who ſees and follows that great ſcheme the beſt,
Beſt knows the bleſſing, and will moſt be bleſt.
But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the juſt!
See god-like TURENNE proſtrate on the duſt!
See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial ſtrife!
Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life?
Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
Lamented DIGBY! ſunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire,
Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?

VER. 100. *See* god-like *Turenne*] This epithet has a peculiar juſtneſs; the great man to whom it is applied not being diſtinguiſhed, from other generals, for any of his ſuperior qualities ſo much as for his providential care of thoſe whom he led to war; which was ſo uncommon, that his chief purpoſe in taking on himſelf the command of armies, ſeems to have been the Preſervation of Mankind. In this *god-like* care he was more diſtinguiſhably employed throughout the whole courſe of that famous campaign in which he loſt his life.

VARIATIONS;

After ver. 92. in the MS.

Let ſober Moraliſts correct their ſpeech,
No bad man's happy: he is great, or rich.

Why drew Marſeilles' good biſhop purer breath,
When Nature ſicken'd, and each gale was death!
Or why ſo long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all phyſical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will.
God ſends not ill; if rightly underſtood,
Or partial Ill is univerſal Good,
Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all.
We juſt as wiſely might of Heav'n complain
That righteous Abel was deſtroy'd by Cain,
As that the virtuous ſon is ill at eaſe
When his lewd father gave the dire diſeaſe.
Think we, like ſome weak Prince, th' Eternal Cauſe
Prone for his fav'rites to reverſe his laws?

VER. 110. *Lent Heav'n a parent, etc.*] This laſt inſtance of the poet's illuſtration of the ways of Providence, the reader ſees, has a peculiar elegance; where a tribute of piety to a parent is paid in a return of thanks to, and made ſubſervient of, his vindication of the Great Giver and Father of all things. The Mother of the Author, a perſon of great piety and charity, died the year this poem was finiſhed, viz. 1733.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 116. in the MS.

Of ev'ry evil, ſince the world began,
The real ſource is not in God, but man.

arning Ætna, if a ſage requires,
thunder, and recall her fires?
ſea new motions be impreſt,
leſs Bethel! to relieve thy breaſt?
: looſe mountain trembles from on high,
ritation ceaſe, if you go by?
old temple, nodding to its fall,
tres' head reſerve the hanging wall?
l this world (ſo fitted for the knave)
us not. A better ſhall we have?
m of the juſt then let it be:
onſider how thoſe Juſt agree.
l muſt merit God's peculiar care;
but God, can tell us who they are?
ks on Calvin Heav'n's own ſpirit fell;
leems him inſtrument of hell;
feel Heav'n's bleſſing, or its rod,
s there is, and that, there is no God.
cks one part will edify the reſt,
one ſyſtem can they all be bleſt.

23. *Shall burning Ætna, etc.*] Alluding to the fate o great Naturaliſts, Empedocles and Pliny, who d by too near an approach to Ætna and Veſuvius, were exploring the cauſe of their eruptions.

VARIATIONS.

r. 142. in ſome Editions,
each a Syſtem, all muſt be at ſtrife;
diff'rent Syſtems for a Man and Wife?

though lively, was ill placed, and therefore ſtruck text.

The very beſt will variouſly incline,
And what rewards your Virtue, puniſh mine.
WHATEVER IS, is RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæſar — but for Titus too;
And which more bleſt? who chain'd his country, ſa
Or he whoſe Virtue ſigh'd to loſe a day?
"But ſometimes Virtue ſtarves, while Vice is fed
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deſerves it, when he tills the ſoil,
The knave deſerves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No — ſhall the good want Health, the good wa
"Pow'r?"
Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
"Why bounded Pow'r! why private? why
"king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?
Who ask and reaſon thus, will ſcarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give:
Immenſe the pow'r, immenſe were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they ſtand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſun-ſhine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a Conq'ror's ſword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The Boy and Man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Truſt,
Content, or Pleaſure, but the Good or Juſt?

VER. 177. *Go, like the Indian, etc.*] Alluding to the example of the Indian, in Epiſt. i. ver. 99. and ſhewing, that that example was not given to diſcredit any rational hopes of future happineſs, but only to reprove the folly of ſeparating them from charity: as when

— Zeal, not Charity became the guide,
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 172. in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,
Or fit for ſearching heads or honeſt hearts.

Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and Love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clea
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.

Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cow
I'll tell you, friend! a wiſe man and a Fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

VER. 193. *Honour and ſhame from no Condition riſe; Act your part, there all the honour lies.*] What power then has F tune over the Man? None at all; for as her favours confer neither worth nor wiſdom; ſo neither can her pleaſure cure him of any of his follies. On his Garb ind ſhe hath ſome little influence; but his Heart ſtill remains ſame:

> Fortune in Men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
> One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade.

But this *difference* extends no further than to the habit; pride of heart is the ſame both in the *flaunter* and *flutterer*, it is the poet's intention to inſinuate by the uſe of theſe ter

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on Greatneſs; ſay where Greatneſs lies?
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his noſe.

Variations.

Ver. 207. *Boaſt the pure blood, etc.*] in the MS. thus,

The richeſt blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May ſwell thy heart and gallop in thy breaſt,
Without one daſh of uſher or of prieſt:
Thy pride as much deſpiſe all other pride
As Chriſt-Church once all colleges beſide.

No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes;
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can ch
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a Villain Great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others brea
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unl
The ſame (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An Eugene living, as a Cæſar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhin
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
An honeſt Man's the nobleſt work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high, to poiſon half mankind.

All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
Than Cæſar with a ſenate at his heels.
In Parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the Man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.

If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!

VER. 281, 283. *If parts allure thee, — Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Theſe two inſtances are choſen with great judgment; the world, perhaps, doth not afford two other ſuch. Bacon diſcovered and laid down thoſe principles, by whoſe aſſiſtance, Newton was enabled to unfold the whole law of Nature. He was no leſs eminent for the creative power of his imagination, the brightneſs of his conception and the force of his expreſſion: yet being legally convicted for bribery and corruption in the Adminiſtration of Juſtice while he preſided in the ſupreme Court of Equity, he endeavoured to repair his ruined fortunes by the moſt profligate flattery to the Court: Which, from his very firſt entrance into it, he had accuſtomed himſelf to practiſe with a proſtitution that diſgraceth the very profeſſion of letters.

Cromwell ſeemeth to be diſtinguiſhed in the moſt eminent manner, with regard to his abilities, from all other great and wicked men, who have overturned the Liberties of their Country. The times, in which others ſucceeded in this attempt, were ſuch as ſaw the ſpirit of Liberty ſuppreſſed and ſtifled, by a general luxury and venality: But Cromwell ſubdued his country, when this ſpirit was at its height, by ſucceſsful ſtruggle againſt court-oppreſſion; and while it was conducted and ſupported by a ſet of the greateſt Geniuſes for government the world ever ſaw embarked together in one common cauſe.

VER. 283. *Or raviſh'd with the whiſtling of a Name,*] Alas! even this fantaſtic glory ſometimes ſuffers a terrible reverſe. *— Sacheverel,* in his *Voyage to I-colmkill*, deſcribing the churches there, tells us, that "In one corner is a peculiar incloſure "in which were the monuments of the kings of many different nations, as Scotland, Ireland, Norway, and the

If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory, learn to ſcorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſee-weed as proud Venice roſe?
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;

" *Iſle of Man.* THIS (ſaid the perſon who ſhewed me the " place, pointing to a plain ſtone) was the monument of " the Great TRAGUE, king of Ireland. I had never heard " of him, and could not but reflect of how little value is " *Greatneſs*, that has barely left a *name* ſcandalous to a na- " tion, and a grave which the meaneſt of mankind would " never envy."

The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A Tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd:
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 316. In the MS.

Ev'n while it ſeems unequal to diſpoſe,
And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
'Tis but to teach him to ſupport each ſtate,
With patience this, with moderation that;
And raiſe his baſe on that one ſolid joy,
Which conſcience gives, and nothing can deſtroy.

These lines are extremely finiſhed. In which there is ſuch a ſoothing ſweetneſs in the melancholy harmony of the verſification, as if the poet was then in that tender office in which he was moſt officious, and in which all his Soul came out, the conſoling with ſome good man in affliction.

Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants, no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels can taſte, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God:
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;

VER. 341. *For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, etc.*] PLATO, in his firſt book of a Republic, hath a remarkable paſſage to this purpoſe. "He whoſe conſcience does not reproach him, has chearful *Hope* for his companion, and "the ſupport and comfort of his old age, according to Pindar. For this great poet, O Socrates, very elegantly ſays, "That he who leads a juſt and holy life has always amiable *Hope* for his companion, which fills his heart with "joy, and is the ſupport and comfort of his old age. *Hope*, "the moſt powerful of the Divinities, in governing the ever-

'Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:
(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are giv'n in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.

Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:

" changing and inconſtant temper of mortal men." Τῷ δὲ μηδὲν ἑαυτῷ ἄδικον ξυνειδότι ἡδεῖα ἐλπὶς ἀεὶ παρέσται, ἡ ἀγαθὴ γηροτρόφος, ὡς καὶ Πίνδαρος λέγει. Χαριέντως γάρ τοι ὦ Σώκρατες, τοῦτ' ἐκεῖνος εἶπεν, ὅτι ὃς ἂν δικαίως καὶ ὁσίως τὸν βίον διαγάγῃ, γλυκεῖά οἱ καρδίαν ἀτάλλουσα γηροτρόφος ξυναορεῖ ἐλπίς, ἃ μάλιστα θηλῶν πολύτροφον γνώμαν κυβερνᾷ In the ſame manner Euripides ſpeaks in his *Hercules furens*,

Οὗτος δ' ἀνὴρ ἄριστος, ὅστις ἐλπίσιν
Πέποιθεν αἰεί. τὸ δ' ἀπορεῖν, ἀνδρὸς κακοῦ. ver. 105

" He is the good man in whoſe *breaſt Hope ſprings eternally*
" But to be *without Hope in the world* is the portion of th
" wicked."

appier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
nd height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
uſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
lf-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
s the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
he centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
nother ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
riend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
is country next; and next all human race;
/ide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
ake ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
arth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
nd Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.
Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
h maſter of the poet, and the ſong!

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] This noble Apoſtrophe, by which the Poet concludes the Eſſay in an addreſs to his friend, will furniſh a Critic with examples of every one of thoſe *five* Species of Elocution, from which, as from five Sources, Longinus deduceth the SUBLIME.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 373. *Come then, my Friend! etc.*] In the MS. thus,

And now tranſported o'er ſo vaſt a Plain,
While the wing'd courſer flies with all her rein,
While heav'n-ward now her mounting wing ſhe feels,
Now ſcatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her courſe in ſight,
Confine her fury, and aſſiſt her flight?

And while the Muſe now ſtoops, or now aſcends,
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends.

1. The firſt and chief is *a Grandeur and Sublimity of Co-tion* [a].

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along
O Maſter of the Poet, and the Song!
And while the Muſe now ſtoops, and now aſcends
To Man's low paſſions, or their glorious ends,

2. The *Second*, that *Pathetic Enthuſiaſm*, which, at the Time, melts and inflames:

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.

3. A certain elegant Formation and Ordonance of Figu

O! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale!

4. A ſplendid Diction:

When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?

a — πέντε πηγαί τινες εἰσιν τ' ὑψηγορίας. 1. Πρῶτον μ κράτιστον τὸ περὶ τὰς νοήσεις ἀδρεπήβολον. 2. Δεύτερον δὲ τὸ δρὸν καὶ ἐνθουσιαστικὸν πάθος. 3. Ποιὰ τῶν σχημάτων πλάσις. Ἡ γενναῖα φράσις. 5. Πέμπτη δὲ μεγέθους αἰτία, καὶ συγκλ τὰ πρὸ ἑαυτῆς ἅπαντα, ἡ ἐν ἀξιώματι καὶ διάρσει σύνθεσις.

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wiſe,
To fall with dignity, with temper riſe;
Form'd by thy converſe, happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere;
Correct with ſpirit, eloquent with eaſe,
Intent to reaſon, or polite to pleaſe.
Oh! while along the ſtream of Time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;
Say, ſhall my little bark attendant ſail,
Purſue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When ſtateſmen, heroes, kings, in duſt repoſe,
Whoſe ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verſe to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philoſopher, and friend?
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
From ſounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For Wit's falſe mirror held up Nature's light;

5. And *fitibly*, which includes in itſelf all the reſt, a Weight and Dignity in the Compoſition:

Shew'd erring Pride, whatever *is*, is RIGHT;
That REASON, PASSION, anſwer *one great* AIM;
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the SAME;
That VIRTUE only makes our BLISS below;
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

That REASON, PASSION, anſwer one gre
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are th
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliſs belo
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES

VARIATIONS.

VER. 397. *That Virtue only, etc.*] in the M

That juſt to find a God is all we can,
And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

THE

UNIVERSAL

PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THE

Iniverſal Prayer.

DEO OPT. MAX.

THER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
int, by Savage, and by Sage,
chovah, Jove, or Lord!

Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
iow but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

ierſal Prayer.] It may be proper to obſerve, that ſome
:s, in the preceding *Eſſay*, having been unjuſtly ſuſpect-
a tendency towards Fate and *Naturaliſm*, the author
ſed this Prayer as the ſum of all, to ſhew that his ſy-
was founded in *free-will*, and terminated in piety:
he firſt cauſe was as well the Lord and Governor of
iiverſe as the Creator of it; and that, by ſubmiſſion
will (the great principle inforced throughout the *Eſſay*)
ot meant the ſuffering ourſelves to be carried along by
l determination; but the reſting in a religious acqui-
:, and confidence full of *Hope* and Immortality. To
l this the greater weight, the poet choſe for his model
RD's PRAYER, which, of all others, beſt deſerves
refixed to his Paraphraſe.

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to ſtay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

ave me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

'each me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
'hat Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

'ean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quick'ned by thy Breath;
lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

his day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun,
hou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

o Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
ne Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

MORAL ESSAYS

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

Several Perſons.

---

t brevitate opus, ut currat ſententia, neu ſe
ıpediat verbis laſſas onerantibus aures:
t ſermone opus eſt modo triſti, ſæpe jocoſo,
efendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,
ıterdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
ttenuantis eas conſultò. HOR.

1

VERTISEMENT.

Essay on Man was intended to have been com-
d in Four Books:
? of which, the Author has given us under that
ır Epiſtles.
nd was to have conſiſted of the ſame number: *1.*
nt and limits of human Reaſon. 2. Of thoſe Arts
:s, and of the parts of them, which are uſeful,
re attainable, together with thoſe which are un-
therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends,
Application of the different Capacities of Men.
Uſe of Learning, of the Science of the World,
; concluding with a Satire againſt a Miſapplica-
:m; illuſtrated by Pictures, Characters, and Ex-

d Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science
in which the ſeveral forms of a Republic were
iined and explained; together with the ſeveral
Religious Worſhip, as far forth as they affect So-
ween which the Author always ſuppoſed there was
tereſting relation and cloſeſt connection; ſo that
vould have treated of Civil and Religious Society
l extent.
rth and laſt Book concerned private Ethics, or
ſorality, conſidered in all the Circumſtances, Or-
ſſions, and Stations of human Life.
eme of all this had been maturely digeſted, and
ited to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two
was intended for the only work of his riper
was, partly through ill health, partly through diſ-
its from the depravity of the times, and partly on
and other conſiderations, interrupted, poſtponed,
, in a manner laid aſide.

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, w
exactly reflected the Image of his ſtrong capacious
as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it fro
jecta membra Poetæ that now remain, it may not
be a little more particular concerning each of theſe
books.

The FIRST, as it treats of Man in the abſtract,
ſiders him in general under every of his relations
the foundation, and furniſhes out the ſubjects, of
following; ſo that

The SECOND Book was to take up again the *Fi
cond* Epiſtles of the *Firſt* Book, and treats of Man
tellectual Capacity at large, as has been explain
Of this, only a ſmall part of the concluſion (whi
ſaid, was to have contained a Satire againſt the r
tion of Wit and Learning) may be found in the *F*
of the *Dunciad*, and up and down, occaſionally, in
three.

The THIRD Book, in like manner, was to rea
ſubject of the *Third* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, which tre
in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity.
part the Poet afterwards conceived might be beſt e
an EPIC POEM; as the Action would make it mo
ed, and the Fable leſs invidious; in which all
Principles of true and falſe Governments and Religi
be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The FOURTH and laſt Book was to purſue t
of the *Fourth* Epiſtle of the *Firſt*, and treats of
practical Morality; and would have conſiſted of m
bers; of which the four following Epiſtles were
Portions: the *two firſt*, on the *Characters of Men*,
being the *introductory* part of this concluding Book

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE I.

TO

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Knowledge *and* Characters *of* MEN.

THAT it is not ſufficient for this knowledge to conſider Man in the Abſtract: Books *will not ſerve the purpoſe, nor yet our own* Experience *ſingly*, ver. 1. *General maxims, unleſs they be formed upon* both, *will be but notional*, ver. 10. *Some Peculiarity in every man, characteriſtic to himſelf, yet varying from himſelf*, ver. 15. *Difficulties ariſing from our own Paſſions, Fancies, Faculties*, etc. ver. 31. *The ſhortneſs of Life to obſerve in, and the uncertainty of the* Principles of action *in men to obſerve by*, ver. 37, etc. *Our* own *Principle of action often hid from ourſelves*, ver. 41. *Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, diſſembled, or inconſiſtent*, ver. 51. *The ſame man utterly different in different places and ſea-*

ſons, ver. 71. *Unimaginable weakneſſes eſt*, ver. 70, etc. *Nothing conſtant an* God *and* Nature, ver. 95. *No judgin* tives *from the actions*; *the ſame actio from contrary Motives, and the ſame M encing contrary actions*, ver. 100. II. Characters, *we can only take the* ſtrong *a man's life, and try to make them* agr *uncertainty of this, from* Nature *itſelf*, licy, ver. 120. Characters *given ac* rank *of men of the world*, ver. 135. *ſon for it*, ver. 140. Education *alter or at leaſt* Character, *of many*, ver. 14 Paſſions, Opinions, Manners, Humo ciples, *all ſubject to change. No judgi from* ver. 158 *to* ver. 178. III. *It o find (if we can) his* RULING PASSIO *certainly influence all the reſt, and can ſeeming or real inconſiſtency of all his actio Inſtanced in the extraordinary charact* ver. 179. *A caution againſt miſtakin* lities *for* firſt, *which will deſtroy all po knowledge of mankind*, ver. 210. *Ex ſtrength of the* Ruling Paſſion, *and its the laſt breath*, ver. 222, etc.

Boastful and rough your first Son is a Sq
The next a Tradesman meek, and much a
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and B
Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding K

EPISTLE I.

YES, you deſpiſe the man to Books confin'd,
Who from his ſtudy rails at human kind;
o' what he learns he ſpeaks, and may advance
ne gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
e coxcomb bird, ſo talkative and grave,
at from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
o' many a paſſenger he rightly call,
u hold him no Philoſopher at all.
And yet the fate of all extremes is ſuch,
:n may be read, as well as Books, too much.
) obſervations which ourſelves we make,
e grow more partial for th' Obſerver's ſake;
) written Wiſdom, as another's, leſs:
ıxims are drawn from Notions, thoſe from Gueſs.
ıere's ſome Peculiar in each leaf and grain,
me unmark'd fibre, or ſome varying vein:
all only Man be taken in the groſs?
ant but as many ſorts of Mind as Moſs.
That each from other differs, firſt confeſs;
:xt, that he varies from himſelf no leſs;
ld Nature's, Cuſtom's, Reaſon's, Paſſion's ſtrife,
ıd all Opinion's colours caſt on life.
Our depths who fathoms, or our ſhallows finds,
ıick whirls, and ſhifting eddies, of our minds?

On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not Man:
His Principle of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life thro' creatures you diſſect,
You loſe it in the moment you detect.

Yet more; the diff'rence is as great between
The optics ſeeing, as the objects ſeen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come diſcolour'd thro' our Paſſions ſhown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thouſand dyes.

Nor will Life's ſtream for obſervation ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
Oft in the Paſſions' wild rotation toſt,
Our ſpring of action to ourſelves is loſt:

VER. 26. *It may be Reaſon but it is not Man*] *i. e.* The Philoſopher may invent a *rational hypotheſis* that ſhall account for the appearances he would inveſtigate; and yet that *hypotheſis* be all the while very wide of *truth* and the *nature of things.*

VER. 33. *All Manners take a* tincture *from our own; — Or come* diſcolour'd *thro' our Paſſions ſhown.*] Theſe two lines are remarkable for the exactneſs and propriety of expreſſion. The word *tincture*, which implies a weak colour given by degrees, well deſcribes the influence of the *Manners*; and the word *diſcolour*, which implies a quicker change and by a deeper dye, denotes as well the operation of the *Paſſions*.

not determin'd, to the laſt we yield,
hat comes then is maſter of the field.
laſt image of that troubled heap,
ſenſe ſubſides, and Fancy ſports in ſleep,
paſt the recollection of the thought)
es the ſtuff of which our dream is wrought:
ıing as dim to our internal view,
, perhaps, the cauſe of moſt we do.
e, ſome are open, and to all men known;
ſo very cloſe, they're hid from none;
:knefs ſtrikes the ſenſe no leſs than Light)
;racious CHANDOS is belov'd at ſight;
/'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his ſoul
s at ſquat, and peeps not from its hole.
f mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
ow 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves:
univerſal homage Umbra pays,
'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praiſe.
Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,
one there is who charms us with his Spleen.
theſe plain Characters we rarely find;
trong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
:zling Contraries confound the whole;
ectations quite reverſe the ſoul.
)ull, flat Falſhood ſerves, for policy:
ı the Cunning, Truth itſelf's a lye:
ught-of Frailties cheat us in the Wiſe;
ool lies hid in inconſiſtencies.

See the ſame man, in vigor, in the gout;
Alone, in company; in place, or out;
Early at Buſ'neſs, and at Hazard late;
Mad at a Fox-chaſe, wiſe at a Debate;
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball;
Friendly at Hackney, faithleſs at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
Save juſt at dinner — then prefers, no doubt,
A Rogue with Ven'ſon to a Saint without.

Who would not praiſe Patricio's high deſert,
His hand unſtain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehenſive head! all Int'reſts weigh'd,
All Europe ſav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

What made (ſay Montagne, or more ſage Charron
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
A perjur'd Prince a leaden ſaint revere,
A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?

Ver. 81. *Patritio*] Lord *G—n*.
Ver. 89. *A perjur'd Prince*] Louis XI. of France, v

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders, at an army's head,
Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
Now ſave a People, and now ſave a groat.

The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
Faithleſs thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
And juſt her wiſeſt monarch make a fool?
Know, God and Nature only are the ſame:
In Man, the judgment ſhoots at flying game;
A bird of paſſage! gone as ſoon as found,
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he ſwore by, he feared to break his oath.

Ver. 90. *A godleſs Regent tremble at a Star?*] Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV. ſuperſtitious in judicial aſtrology, though an unbeliever in all religion.

Ver. 91. *The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,*] Philip V. of Spain, who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, reſumed it to gratify his Queen; and Victor Amadeus II. King of Sardinia, who reſigned the crown, and trying to reaſſume it, was impriſoned 'till his death.

Ver. 93. *Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule, — And juſt her wiſeſt monarch made a fool?*] The Czarina, the King of France, the Pope, and the abovementioned King of Sardinia.

Ver. 95. *Know, God and Nature, etc.*] By *Nature* is not here meant any imaginary ſubſtitute of God, called a *Plaſtic nature*; but his *moral laws*: And this obſervation was inſerted with great propriety and diſcretion, in the concluſion of a long detail of the various characters of men: For, from this circumſtance, *Montagne* and others have been bold enough to inſinuate, that morality is founded more in cuſtom and faſhion than in the nature of things. The ſpeaking therefore of a moral law of God as having all the conſtancy and durability of his Eſſence, had an high expediency in this place.

In vain the ſage, with retroſpective eye,
Would from th' apparent What conclude the
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and ſhew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to
Behold! If Fortune or a Miſtreſs frowns,
Some plunge in bus'neſs, others ſhave their cr
To eaſe the Soul of one oppreſſive weight,
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd
Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions ſhew the man: we find
Who does a kindneſs, is not therefore kind:
Perhaps Proſperity becalm'd his breaſt,
Perhaps the Wind juſt ſhifted from the eaſt:
Not therefore humble he who ſeeks retreat,
Pride guides his ſteps, and bids him ſhun the
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,
He dreads a death-bed like the meaneſt ſlave:

VER. 107. *The ſame aduſt complexion has impell'd — to the Convent, Philip to the Field.*] The attrabilair plexion of Philip II. is well known, but not that he derived it from his father Charles V. health, the hiſtorians of his life tell us, was fr ly diſordered by bilious fevers. But what the meant principally to obſerve here was, that this h made both theſe princes act contrary to their Cha Charles, who was an active man, when he retired Convent; Philip, who was a Man of the Cloſet, w gave the battle of St. Quintin.

Who reaſons wiſely is not therefore wiſe,
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting, lies.
But grant that actions beſt diſcover man;
Take the moſt ſtrong, and ſort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character muſt mark,
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with ſuch as diſagree?
Suppreſs them, or miſcall them policy?
Muſt then at once (the character to ſave)
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
Perhaps was ſick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Cæſar would retreat?
Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.

VER. 117. *Who reaſons wiſely, etc.*] By *reaſoning* is not here meant *ſpeculating*; but deliberating and reſolving in public counſels; for this inſtance is given as *one*, of a variety of *actions*.

VER. 130. *Cæſar himſelf might whiſper he was beat.*] Cæſar wrote his *Commentaries*, in imitation of the Greek Generals, for

VARIATIONS.

VER. 129. In the former Editions;

Aſk why from Britain Cæſar made retreat?
Cæſar himſelf would tell you he was beat.
The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, becauſe Cæſar wrote his Commentaries of this war, and does *not* tell you he was beat. As Cæſar too afforded an inſtance of both caſes, it was thought better to make him the ſingle Example.

Why risk the world's great empire for a Pun
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk.
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life high Characters are d
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still;
A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you
Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more eve
Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can pe
In life's low vale, the soil the Virtues like,
They please as beauties, here as wonders sti
Tho' the same sun with all-diffusive rays
Blush in the rose, and in the Di'mond blaze

the entertainment of the world: But had his frie him, in his ear, the reason of his sudden retreat fro after so many pretended victories, we have cause even from his own public relation of that matte would have *whisper'd he was beat.*

VER. 131. *Why risk the world's great empire for* After the battle of Pharsalia, Cæsar pursued hi Alexandria, where he became infatuated with the Cleopatra, and instead of pushing his advantage: persing the relicks of the Pharsalian quarrel, (afte escaping the violence of an enraged populace) bro himself an unnecessary war, at a time his arms wanted elsewhere.

VER. 141. *Court-virtues bear, like Gems, etc.*] ' reflection, and the similitude brought to support great delicacy of ridicule.

We prize the ſtronger effort of his pow'r;
And juſtly ſet the Gem above the Flow'r.
'Tis Education forms the common mind,
Juſt as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd.
Boaſtful and rough, your firſt ſon is a 'Squire;
The next a Tradeſman, meek, and much a lyar;
Tom ſtruts a ſoldier, open, bold, and brave;
Will ſneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave:
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r:
A Quaker? ſly: A Presbyterian? ſow'r:
A ſmart Free-thinker? all things in an hour.
Ask mens Opinions: Scoto now ſhall tell
How Trade increaſes, and the world goes well;
Strike off his Penſion, by the ſetting ſun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a ſtupid ſilent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Int'reſt o'ercome, or Policy take place:

VER. 164, 165. *Some God, or Spirit he has lately found; Or chanc'd to meet a Miniſter that frown'd.*] Diſaſters the moſt unlook'd for, as they were what the Free-thinker's *ſpeculations* and *Practice* were principally directed to avoid. — The poet here alludes to the ancient claſſical opinion, that the ſudden viſion of a God was ſuppoſed to ſtrike the irreverend obſerver ſpeechleſs. He has only a little extended the conceit, and ſuppoſed, that the terrors of a *Court-God* might have the like effect on a very devoted worſhipper.

By Actions? thoſe Uncertainty divides:
By Paſſions? theſe Diſſimulation hides:
Opinions? they ſtill take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn w
Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.
Search then the RULING PASSION: There alon
The Wild are conſtant, and the Cunning known;
The Fool conſiſtent, and the Falſe ſincere;
Prieſts, Princes, Women, no diſſemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the reſt,
The proſpect clears, and Wharton ſtands confeſt.
Wharton, the ſcorn and wonder of our days,
Whoſe ruling Paſſion was the Luſt of Praiſe:

VER. 172, 173. *Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn Climes, Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.*] The had hitherto reckoned up the ſeveral *ſimple* cauſes that hi our knowledge of the natural characters of men. In t two fine lines he deſcribes the *complicated* cauſes. *Hum* bear the ſame relation to *Manners*, that *Principles* do to *Te* that is, the former are *modes* of the latter; our *Manners* (the Poet) are warped from nature by our *Fortunes* or Stati our *Tenets*, by our *Books* or Profeſſions; and then each dr ſtill more oblique, into *humour* and political *principles*, by temperature of the *climate*, and the conſtitution of the go ment.

VER. 174. *Search then the ruling Paſſion:*] See Eſſa Man, Ep. ii. ver. 133. et ſeq.

VER. 181. *The Luſt of Praiſe:*] This very well preſſes the *groſſneſs* of his appetite for it; where the *fir* of the Paſſion had deſtroyed all the *delicacy* of the ſe tion.

ı with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
nen and Fools muſt like him or he dies;
' wond'ring Senates hung on all he ſpoke,
Club muſt hail him maſter of the joke.
l parts ſo various aim at nothing new?
l ſhine a Tully and a Wilmot too.
n turns repentant, and his God adores
ı the ſame ſpirit that he drinks and whores;
ugh if all around him but admire,
now the Punk applaud, and now the Frier.
s with each gift of nature and of art,
wanting nothing but an honeſt heart;
wn all to all, from no one vice exempt;
moſt contemptible, to ſhun contempt;
Paſſion ſtill to covet gen'ral praiſe,
Life, to forfeit it a thouſand ways;
nſtant Bounty which no friend has made;
ngel Tongue, which no man can perſuade;
ol, with more of Wit than half mankind,
raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd:

ER. 187. John Wilmot, E. of Rocheſter, famous for Vit and Extravagancies in the time of Charles II.

ER. 189. *With the ſame* ſpirit] *Spirit*, for principle, not on.

ER. 200. *A* Fool, *with more of* Wit] *Folly*, joined with *Wit*, produces that behaviour which we call *Ab-dity*; and this abſurdity the poet has here admirably de-ed in the words,

Too raſh for Thought, for Action too refin'd.

A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A Rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, ſad out-caſt of each church and ſtate,
And, harder ſtill! flagitious, yet not great.
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the Knaves ſhould call him Fool.
Nature well known, no prodigies remain;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

by which we are made to underſtand, that the perſon deſcribed gave a looſe to his *Fancy* when he ſhould have uſe his *Judgment*; and purſued his *Speculations* when he ſhoul have truſted to his *Experience*.

Ver. 207. *'Twas all for fear, etc.*] To underſtand thi we muſt obſerve, that the *Luſt of general praiſe* made th perſon, whoſe character is here ſo admirably drawn, bo *extravagant* and *flagitious*; his *Madneſs* was to pleaſe th Fools,

Women and *Fools* muſt like him, or he dies.

And his *Crimes* to avoid the cenſure of the Knaves;

'Twas all for fear the *Knaves* ſhould call him Fool.

Prudence and *Honeſty* being the two qualities that Fools a Knaves are moſt intereſted, and conſequently moſt induſtr ous to miſrepreſent.

Ver. 209. *Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.*] Th illuſtration has an exquiſite beauty, ariſing from the exac

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known, no *Miracles* remain.

Altered, as above, for very obvious reaſons.

Yet, in this ſearch, the wiſeſt may miſtake,
If ſecond qualities for firſt they take.
When Catiline by rapine ſwell'd his ſtore;
When Cæſar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the Luſt, in that the Avariee
Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.
That very Cæſar born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chaſtity, at praiſe.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roaſted turnips in the Sabin farm.

neſs of the analogy: For, as the appearance of irregularity, in a Comet's motion, is occaſioned by the greatneſs of the *force* which puſhes it round a very eccentric orb; ſo it is the *violence* of the Ruling Paſſion, that, impatient for its object, in the impetuoſity of its courſe towards it, is frequently hurried to an immenſe diſtance from it, which occaſions all that puzzling inconſiſtency of conduct we obſerve in it.

VER. 213 — *A noble Dame a whore*;] The ſiſter of Cato, and mother of Brutus.

VER. 215. *Ambition was the vice.*] *Pride, Vanity,* and *Ambition* are ſuch bordering and neighbouring vices, and hóld ſo much in common, that we generally find them going together, and therefore, as generally miſtake them for one another. This does not a little contribute to our confounding Characters; for they are, in reality, very different and diſtinct; ſo much ſo, that 'tis remarkable, the three greateſt Men in Rome, and contemporaries, poſſeſſed each of theſe ſeparately, without the leaſt mixture of the other two: The Men I mean were Cæſar, Cato, and Cicero: For Cæſar had *Ambition* without either vanity or pride; Cato had *Pride* without ambition or vanity; and Cicero had *Vanity* without pride or ambition.

119463

In vain th' obſerver eyes the builder's toil,
But quite miſtakes the ſcaffold for the pile.
In this one paſſion man can ſtrength enjoy,
As Fits give vigor, juſt when they deſtroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it ſticks to our laſt ſand.
Conſiſtent in our follies and our ſins,
Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.
Old Politicians chew on wiſdom paſt,
And totter on in bus'neſs to the laſt;
As weak, as earneſt; and as gravely out,
As ſober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout.
Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameleſs race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely preſs'd
By his own ſon, that paſſes by unbleſs'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry ſparrow that he ſees.
A ſalmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:

VER. 227. *Here honeſt Nature ends as ſhe begins.*] Human nature is here humourouſly called *honeſt*, as the impulſe of *ruling paſſion* (which ſhe gives and cheriſhes) makes her more and more impatient of diſguiſe.

VER. 231. *Laneſb'row*] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were diſabled by the gout. Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to adviſe her to preſerve her health and diſpel her grief by *Dancing*.

" Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my ſoul!
" Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."
The frugal Crone, whom praying prieſts attend,
Still ſtrives to ſave the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.
" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a ſaint provoke,
(Were the laſt words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke)
" No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruſſels lace
" Wrap my cold limbs, and ſhade my lifeleſs face:
" One would not, ſure, be frightful when one's dead—
" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."
The Courtier ſmooth, who forty years had ſhin'd
An humble ſervant to all human kind,
Juſt brought out this, when ſcarce his tongue could ſtir,
" If—where I'm going—I could ſerve you, Sir?"
" I give and I deviſe (old Euclio ſaid,
And ſigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned.
Your money, Sir? — " My money, Sir, what all?
" Why,—if I muſt—(then wept) I give it Paul.

VER. 242. *The frugal Crone,*] A fact told him, of a Lady at Paris.

VER. 247. — *The laſt Words that poor Narciſſa ſpoke*] This ſtory, as well as the others, is founded on fact, though the author had the goodneſs not to mention the names. Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actreſs, who, in deteſtation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave theſe her laſt orders with her dying breath.

The Manor, Sir?—" The Manor! hold, he cry'd,
" Not that, — I cannot part with that"— and dy'd.
And you! brave COBHAM, to the lateſt breath
Shall feel your ruling paſſion ſtrong in death:
Such in thoſe moments as in all the paſt,
" Oh, ſave my Country, Heav'n! " ſhall be your laſt.

In Men, we various ruling Passions
In Women, two almost divide the
Those only fixd, they first or last ob
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of
Char

[ORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE II.

TO

A LADY.

Of the Characters *of* WOMEN.

'OTHING ſo true as what you once let fall,
" Moſt Women have no Characters at all."
er too ſoft a laſting mark to bear,
beſt diſtinguiſh'd by black, brown, or fair.

the Characters of Women.] There is nothing in Mr. Pope's
s more highly finiſhed than this Epiſtle: Yet its ſucceſs
n no proportion to the pains he took in compoſing it.
thing he chanced to drop in a ſhort Advertiſement pre-
to it, on its firſt publication, may perhaps account for
nall attention given to it. He ſaid, that *no one character
vas drawn from the life.* The public believed him on his
, and expreſſed little curioſity about a Satire, in which
was nothing perſonal.

R. 1. *Nothing ſo true, etc.*] The reader perhaps may be
ointed to find that this *Epiſtle*, which propoſes the ſame
t with the preceding, is conducted on very different
of method: for, inſtead of being diſpoſed in the ſame

How many pictures of one Nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!

logical connection, and filled with the like philoſophical marks, it is wholly taken up in drawing a great variety capital Characters: But if he would reflect, that the *Sexes* make but *one Species*, and conſequently, that the Cl racters of both muſt be ſtudied and explained on the ſa principles, he would ſee that when the poet had done this the preceding Epiſtle, his buſineſs here was, not to rep what he had already delivered, but only to verify and ill trate his doctrine, by every *view* of that perplexity of N ture, which *his* philoſophy only can explain. If the rea therefore will but be at the pains to ſtudy theſe Charact with any degree of attention, as they are here maſterly drav one important particular (for which the poet has artfully p pared him by the introduction) will very forcibly ſtrike obſervation; and that is, that all the great ſtrokes in the veral Characters of *Women* are not only infinitely perple and diſcordant, like thoſe in *Men*, but abſolutely inconſ ent, and in a much higher degree *contradictory*. As ſtra as this may appear, yet he will ſee that the poet has all while ſtrictly followed Nature, whoſe ways, we find by former Epiſtle, are not a little myſterious; and a myſt this might have remained, had not our author explained at ver. 207. where he ſhuts up his *Characters* with this phi ſophical reflection:

In Men, we *various ruling Paſſions* find;
In Women, *two* almoſt divide the kind:
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The love of Pleaſure, and the love of Sway.

If this account be true, we ſee the perpetual neceſſity (wh is not the caſe in *Men*) that *Women* lye under of *diſguiſing* th *ruling Paſſion*. Now the variety of arts employed to this pu poſe muſt needs draw them into infinite contradictions thoſe *Actions* from whence their general and obvious Charac

Arcadia's Counteſs, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Paſtora by a fountain ſide.

is denominated: to verify this obſervation, let the reader examine all the Characters here drawn, and try whether with this key he cannot diſcover that all their Contradictions ariſe from a deſire to hide the *ruling Paſſion*.

But this is not the worſt. The poet afterwards (from ver. 218 to 249) takes notice of another miſchief ariſing from this neceſſity of hiding their ruling Paſſions; which is, that generally the end of each is defeated even there where they are moſt violently purſued: For the neceſſity of hiding them inducing an habitual diſſipation of mind, Reaſon, whoſe office it is to regulate the *ruling Paſſion*, loſes all its force and direction; and theſe unhappy victims to their principles, tho' with their attention ſtill *fixed* upon them, are ever proſecuting the means deſtructive of their end, and thus become ridiculous in youth, and miſerable in old age.

Let me not omit to obſerve the great beauty of the concluſion: It is an Encomium on an imaginary Lady to whom the Epiſtle is addreſſed, and artfully turns upon the fact which makes the ſubject of the Epiſtle, the *contradiction of a Woman's Character*, in which contradiction he ſhews that all the luſtre even of the beſt Character conſiſts:

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at beſt a *Contradiction* ſtill, *etc.*

VER. 5. *How many pictures*] The poet's purpoſe here is to ſhew, that the Characters of Women are generally inconſiſtent with themſelves; and this he illuſtrates by ſo happy a *Similitude*, that we ſee the folly, deſcribed in it, ariſes from that very principle which gives birth to this inconſiſtency of Character.

VER. 7, 8, 10, etc. *Arcadia's Counteſs, — Paſtora by a fountain —Leda with a ſwan — Magdalen — Cecilia —*] Attitudes in which ſeveral ladies affected to be drawn, and ſometimes one lady in them all. — The poet's politeneſs and

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
And there, a naked Leda with a Swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalen's looſe hair and lifted eye,
Or dreſt in ſmiles of ſweet Cecilia ſhine,
With ſimp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
Whether the Charmer ſinner it, or ſaint it,
If Folly grow romantic, I muſt paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
Chuſe a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa ſtudying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty ſmock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning Maſk:

complaiſance to the ſex is obſervable in this inſtance, amongſt others, that, whereas in the *Characters of Men*, he has ſometimes made uſe of real names, in the *Characters of Women* always fictitious.

Ver. 20. *Catch, ere ſhe change, the Cynthia of this minute.*] Alluding to the precept of *Freſnoy*,

formæ veneres captando fugaces.

Ver. 21. Inſtances of contrarieties, given even from ſuch Characters as are moſt ſtrongly marked, and ſeemingly therefore moſt conſiſtent: As, I. In the *Affected*, ver. 21, etc.

morning Inſects that in muck begun,
ine, buzz, and fly-blow in the ſetting ſun.
How ſoft is Silia! fearful to offend;
he frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend.
o her, Caliſta prov'd her conduct nice;
nd good Simplicius asks of her advice.
ıdden, ſhe ſtorms! ſhe raves! You tip the wink,
ıt ſpare your cenſure; Silia does not drink.
ll eyes may ſee from what the change aroſe,
ll eyes may ſee — a Pimple on her noſe.
Papillia, wedded to her am'rous ſpark,
ighs for the ſhades — "How charming is a Park!"
Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he ſees
ll bath'd in tears — "Oh odious, odious Trees!"
Ladies, like variegated Tulips, ſhow;
'is to their Changes half their charms we owe;
ine by defect, and delicately weak,
'heir happy Spots the nice admirer take.
'was thus Calypſo once each heart alarm'd,
w'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
ler Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes,
eſs Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wife;
range graces ſtill, and ſtranger ſlights ſhe had,
'as juſt not ugly, and was juſt not mad;
et ne'er ſo ſure our paſſion to create,
s when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.

VER. 29, and 37. II. Contrarieties in the *Soft-natured*.
VER. 45. III. Contrarieties in the *Cunning* and *Artful*.
VER. 52. *As when ſhe touch'd the brink of all we hate.*] Her

Narciſſa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a waſh, would hardly ſtew a child;
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r,
And paid a Tradeſman once to make him ſtare;
Gave alms at Eaſter, in a Chriſtian trim,
And made a Widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare Good-nature is her ſcorn,
When 'tis by that alone ſhe can be born?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to Pleaſure, yet a ſlave to Fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now Conſcience chills her, and now Paſſion burns;
And Atheiſm and Religion take their turns;
A very Heathen in the carnal part,
Yet ſtill a ſad, good Chriſtian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majeſtically drunk;
Proud as a Peereſs, prouder as a Punk;
Chaſte to her Husband, frank to all beſide,
A teeming miſtreſs, but a barren Bride.

charms conſiſted in the ſingular turn of her vivacity; c
ſequently the ſtronger ſhe exerted this vivacity, the m
forcible muſt be her attraction. But the point, wher
came to exceſs, would deſtroy all the delicacy, and exp
all the coarſeneſs of ſenſuality.

VER. 53. IV. in the *Whimſical.*

VER. 57. — *in a Chriſtian trim,*] This is finely expref
implying that her very charity was as much an exterio
Religion, as the ceremonies of the ſeaſon. It was not e
in a *Chriſtian humour*, it was only *in a Chriſtian trim.*

VER. 69. V. In the *Lewd* and *Vicious.*

What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
Such this day's doctrine — in another fit
She ſins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit.
What has not fir'd her boſom or her brain?
Cæſar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feaſt,
The Noſe of Hautgaut, and the Tip of Taſte,
Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
So Philomedé, lect'ring all mankind
On the ſoft Paſſion, and the Taſte refin'd,
Th' Addreſs, the Delicacy — ſtoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.
Flavia's a Wit, has too much ſenſe to pray;
To toaſt our wants and wiſhes, is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
The mighty bleſſing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the ſoul!
Lucretia's dagger, Roſamonda's bowl.

VER. 87. Contrarieties in the *Witty* and *Refined.*
VER. 89. *Nor aſks of God, but of her Stars. — Death, that opiate of the ſoul!*] See Note on ver. 90. of Ep. to Lord Bolingbroke.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *What has not fir'd, etc.*] In the MS.

In whoſe mad brain the mixt ideas roll
Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæſar's ſoul.

Say, what can cauſe ſuch impotence of mind?
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouſe too kind.
Wife Wretch! with pleaſures too refin'd to pleaſe;
With too much Spirit to be e'er at eaſe;
With too much Quickneſs ever to be taught;
With too much Thinking to have common Thought;
You purchaſe pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a Rage to live.

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
No Aſs ſo meek, no Aſs ſo obſtinate.
Or her that owns her Faults, but never mends,
Becauſe ſhe's honeſt, and the beſt of Friends.
Or her, whoſe life the Church and Scandal ſhare,
For ever in a Paſſion, or a Pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!"
Or who in ſweet viciſſitude appears
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
To kill thoſe foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought.
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are theſe to great Atoſſa's mind?
Scarce once herſelf, by turns all Womankind!

VER. 107. *Or her, who laughs at Hell,* but *(like her Grace)* — *Cries,* "*Ah! how charming, if there's no ſuch place!*"] *i. e. Her* who affects to laugh out of *faſhion,* and ſtrives to diſbelieve out of *fear.*

Who, with herſelf, or others, from her birth
finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
ſhines, in expoſing Knaves, and painting Fools,
yet is, whate'er ſhe hates and ridicules.
No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
whiſks it about, and down it goes again.
Full ſixty years the World has been her Trade,
The wiſeſt Fool much Time has ever made.
From loveleſs youth to unreſpected age,
No Paſſion gratify'd, except her Rage.
So much the Fury ſtill out-ran the Wit,
The Pleaſure miſs'd her, and the Scandal hit.
Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her ev'ry turn with Violence purſu'd,
Nor more a ſtorm her Hate than gratitude:
To that each Paſſion turns, or ſoon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, muſt make her hate:
Superiors? death! and Equals? what a Curſe;
But an Inferior not dependant? worſe.
Offend her, and ſhe knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and ſhe'll hate you while you live:
But die, and ſhe'll adore you — Then the Buſt
And Temple riſe — then fall again to duſt.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 122. in the MS.

Oppreſs'd with wealth and wit, abundance ſad!
One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

Laſt night, her Lord was all that's good and great;
A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends,
By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one diſtreſs
Sick of herſelf thro' very ſelfiſhneſs!
Atoſſa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childleſs with all her Children, wants an Heir.
To Heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders Heav'n-directed to the Poor.

Pictures like theſe, dear Madam, to deſign,
Aſks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, ſome reflected light,
Some flying ſtroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how ſhould equal Colours do the knack?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

VER. 150. *Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, etc.*] Alluding and referring to the great principle of his Philoſophy, which he never loſes ſight of, and which teaches, that Providence is inceſſantly turning the evils ariſing from the follies and vices of men to general good.

VER. 156. *Chameleons who can paint in white and black?*] There is one thing that does a very diſtinguiſhed honour to the accuracy of our poet's judgment, of which, in the

VARIATIONS.

VER. 148. in the MS.

This Death decides, nor lets the bleſſing fall
On any one ſhe hates, but on them all.
Curs'd chance! this only cou'd afflict her more,
If any part ſhould wander to the poor.

" Yet Chloe ſure was form'd without a ſpot " —
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.

courſe of theſe obſervations, I have given many inſtances, and ſhall here explain in what it conſiſts; it is this, that the *Similitudes* in his didactic poems, of which he is not ſparing, and which are all highly poetical, are always choſen with ſuch exquiſite diſcernment of Nature, as not only to illuſtrate the particular point he is upon, but to eſtabliſh the general principles he would enforce; ſo, in the inſtance before us, he compares the inconſtancy and contradiction in the Characters of Women, to the change of colours in the Chameleon; yet 'tis nevertheleſs the great principle of this poem to ſhew that the general Characteriſtic of the Sex, as to the Ruling Paſſions, which they all have, is more uniform than that in Man: Now for this purpoſe, all Nature could not have ſupplied ſuch another illuſtration as this of the Chameleon; for though it inſtantaneouſly aſſumes much of the colour of every ſubject on which it chances to be placed, yet, as the moſt accurate *Virtuoſi* have obſerved, it has *two* native colours of its own, which (like the *two* ruling paſſions in the Sex) amidſt all theſe changes are never totally diſcharged, but, though often diſcoloured by the neighbourhood of adventitious ones, ſtill make the foundation, and give a tincture to all thoſe which, from thence, it occaſionally aſſumes.

Ver. 157. " *Yet Chloe ſure, etc.*] The purpoſe of the poet in this Character is important: It is to ſhew that the politic or prudent government of the paſſions is not enough to make a Character amiable, nor even to ſecure it from being ridiculous, if the end of that government be not purſued, which is the free exerciſe of the ſocial appetites after the ſelfiſh ones have been ſubdued; for that if, though reaſon govern, the heart be never conſulted, we intereſt ourſelves as little in the fortune of ſuch a Character as in any of the foregoing, which paſſions or caprice drive up and down at random.

" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She ſpeaks, behaves, and acts juſt as ſhe ought,
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought.
Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.
So very reaſonable, ſo unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breaſt,
Can mark the figures on an Indian cheſt;
And when ſhe ſees her Friend in deep deſpair,
Obſerves how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair.
Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er ſhould cancel — but ſhe may forget.
Safe is your ſecret ſtill in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's ſhall you ever hear.
Of all her Dears ſhe never ſlander'd one,
But cares not if a thouſand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her Footman put it in her head.
Chloe is prudent — Would you too be wife?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be ſeen,
Which Heav'n has varniſh'd out, and made a *Queen*:

VER. 181. *One certain Portrait — the ſame for ever!* —] This is entirely ironical, and conveys under it this general moral truth, that there is, in life, no ſuch thing as a perfect Character; ſo that the ſatire falls not on any particular *Character*, or Station, but on the *Character-maker* only. See Note on ver. 78. 1 Dialogue 1738.

THE SAME FOR EVER! and described by all
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well — but, Artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the Naked is your true delight.
That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals:
Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
We owe to models of an humbler kind.
If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy, (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.
But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in Private life alone:

VER. 198. *Mah'met*, servant to the late King.

VER. 199. *But grant, in Public, etc.*] In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connexion might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain *Examples* and *Illustrations* to the Maxims laid down; and though some of these have since been found, *viz.* the Characters of *Philomedé*, *Atossa*, *Chloe*, and some verses fol-

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 199. in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife;
I cannot prove it on her, for my life:

Our bolder Talents in full light diſplay'd;
Your Virtues open faireſt in the ſhade.
Bred to diſguiſe, in Public 'tis you hide;
There, none diſtinguiſh 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
Weakneſs, or Delicacy; all ſo nice,
That each may ſeem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the kind;
Thoſe, only fix'd, they firſt or laſt obey,
The Love of Pleaſure, and the Love of ſway.

That, Nature gives; and where the leſſon taught
Is but to pleaſe, can Pleaſure ſeem a fault?

lowing, others are ſtill wanting, nor can we anſwer that theſe are exactly inſerted.

VER. 207. The former part having ſhewn, that the *particular Characters* of Women are more various than thoſe of Men, it is nevertheleſs obſerved, that the *general* Characteriſtic of the ſex, as to the *ruling Paſſion*, is more uniform.

VER. 211. This is occaſioned partly by their *Nature*, partly their *Education*, and in ſome degree by *Neceſſity*.

VARIATIONS.

And, for a noble pride, I bluſh no leſs,
Inſtead of Berenice to think on Beſs.
Thus while immortal Cibber only ſings
(As * and H**y preach) for queens and kings,
The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
May, if ſhe love, and merit verſe, have mine.

VER. 207. In the firſt Edition,

In ſev'ral Men we ſev'ral paſſions find;
In Women, two almoſt divide the Kind.

Experience, this; by Man's oppreſſion curſt,
They ſeek the ſecond not to loſe the firſt.
Men ſome to Bus'neſs, ſome to Pleaſure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:
Men, ſome to Quiet, ſome to public Strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for Life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means:
In Youth they conquer with ſo wild a rage,
As leaves them ſcarce a ſubject in their Age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
No thought of peace or happineſs at home.
But Wiſdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,
As hard a ſcience to the Fair as Great!
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendleſs grown,
Yet hate repoſe, and dread to be alone,
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one ſigh behind them when they die.
Pleaſures the ſex, as children Birds, purſue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;

VER. 216. *But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake:*] "Some "men (ſays the poet) take to buſineſs, ſome to pleaſure, "but every woman would willingly make *pleaſure her buſi-* "*neſs:*" which being the peculiar characteriſtic of a *Rake*, we muſt needs think that he includes (in his uſe of the word here) no more of the Rake's ill qualities than are implied in this definition, of *one who makes pleaſure his buſineſs.*

VER. 219. What are the *Aims* and the *Fate* of this Sex? — I. As to *Power.*

VER. 231. — II. As to *Pleaſure.*

Sure, if they catch, to ſpoil the Toy at moſt,
To covet flying, and regret when loſt:
At laſt, to follies Youth could ſcarce defend,
It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
Aſham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
As Hags hold Sabbaths, leſs for joy than ſpight,
So theſe their merry, miſerable Night;
Still round and round the Ghoſts of Beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
A Youth of Frolicks, an old Age of Cards;
Fair to no purpoſe, artful to no end,
Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
A Fop their Paſſion, but their Prize a Sot,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain deſign;
To raiſe the thought, and touch the Heart be thine!
That Charm ſhall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the ſight,
All mild aſcends the Moon's more ſober light,

VER. 249. Advice for their true Intereſt.

VER. 253. *So when the Sun's broad beam, etc.*] One of the great beauties obſervable in the poet's management of his *Similitudes*, is the ceremonious preparation he makes for them, in gradually raiſing the imagery of the ſimilitude in the lines preceding, by the uſe of metaphors taken from the ſubject of it:

— while what *fatigues* the ring,
Flaunts and *goes down*, an unregarded thing.

i Virgin Modeſty ſhe ſhines,
)bſerv'd the glaring orb declines.
bleſt with Temper, whoſe unclouded ray
ke to-morrow chearful as to-day:
ho can love a Siſter's charms, or hear
or a Daughter with unwounded ear;
io ne'er anſwers 'till a Husband cools,
ſhe rules him, never ſhews ſhe rules;
ns by accepting, by ſubmitting ſways,
.is her humour moſt, when ſhe obeys;
'ops or Fortune fly which way they will;
ains all loſs of Tickets or Codille;
:en, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,
I Miſt ets of herſelf, tho' China fall.
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
) nan's at beſt a Contradiction ſtill.

d the civil diſmiſſion he gives them by the continuance of ſame metaphor, in the lines following, whereby the ces of the imagery gradually decay, and give place to ers, and the reader is never offended with the ſudden or upt diſappearance of it,

Oh! bleſt with Temper, whoſe *unclouded ray*, *etc.*

other inſtance of the ſame kind we have in this epiſtle the following lines,

Chuſe a firm *cloud* before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere ſhe *change*, the *Cynthia* of this minute.
Ruſa, whoſe eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay *Meteor* of a *Spark*, *etc.*

Heav'n, when it ſtrives to poliſh all it can
Its laſt beſt work, but forms a ſoft'ner Man;
Picks from each ſex, to make the Fav'rite bleſt,
Your love of Pleaſure, our deſire of Reſt:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules, 2
Your taſte of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools:
Reſerve with Frankneſs, Art with Truth ally'd,
Courage with Softneſs, Modeſty with Pride;
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces — You. 2
Be this a Woman's Fame: with this unbleſt,
Toaſts live a ſcorn, and Queen's may die a jeſt.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When thoſe blue eyes firſt open'd on the ſphere;
Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 2
Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r;

VER. 285, etc. *Aſcendant Phœbus watch'd that hour & care, Averted half your Parents' ſimple Pray'r; And gave Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf*] The poet concludes his Epi with a fine *Moral*, that deſerves the ſerious attention of public; It is this, that all the extravagances of theſe *vic* Characters here deſcribed, are much inflamed by a wr Education, hinted at in ver. 203; and that even the *beſt* rather ſecured by a *good natural* than by the prudence providence of parents; which obſervation is conveyed der the ſublime claſſical machinery of Phœbus in the aſc dant, watching the natal hour of his favourite, and av ing the ill effects of her parents miſtaken fondneſs: Phœbus, as the god of Wit, confers Genius; and, as on the aſtronomical influences, defeats the adventitious bya education.

In concluſion, the great Moral from both theſe Epiſ

And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your ſex a Tyrant o'er itſelf,
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,
Kept Droſs for Ducheſſes, the world ſhall know it,
To you gave ſenſe, Good-humour, and a Poet.

together is, that the two rareſt things in all Nature are a DISINTERESTED MAN, and a REASONABLE WOMAN.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE III.

TO

ALLEN, Lord BATHURST.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, moſt falling into one of the extremes, Avarice *or* Profuſion, ver. 1, etc. *The Point diſcuſſed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind,* ver. 21 *to* 77. *That Riches, either to the* Avaricious *or the* Prodigal, *cannot afford Happineſs, ſcarcely Neceſſaries,* ver. 89 *to* 160. *That Avarice is an abſolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpoſe,* ver. 113, etc. 152. *Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men,* ver. 121 *to* 153. *That the conduct of men, with reſpect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the* ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, *which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions,* ver. 161 *to* 178. *How*

a Miſer *acts upon Principles which appear to him reaſonable*, ver. 179. *How a* Prodigal *does the ſame*, ver. 199. *The due Medium, and true uſe of Riches*, ver. 219. *The* Man *of* Roſs, ver. 250. *The fate of the* Profuſe *and the* Covetous, *in two examples; both miſerable in Life and in Death*, ver. 300, etc. *The Story of Sir* Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

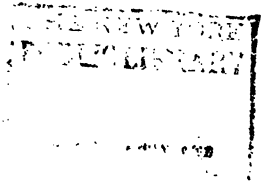
EPISTLE III.

P. WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſagree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding jeſt of Heav'n;

EPISTLE III.] This Epiſtle was written after a violent outcry againſt our Author, on a ſuppoſition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taſte. He juſtified himſelf upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are theſe words: "I have "learnt that there are ſome who would rather be wicked than "ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack vices "than follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet "poſſeſſion of their idols, their groves, and their high places; "and change my ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs; "from their vanities to their miſeries; and as the only cer-"tain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and "not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, "in my next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious "ones."

VER. 3. *Momus giv'n,*] Amongſt the earlieſt abuſes of reaſon, one of the firſt was to cavil at the ways of Providence. But as, in thoſe times, every Vice as well as Virtue, had its Patron-God, MOMUS came to be at the head of the old *Freethinkers*. Him, the Mythologiſts very ingeniouſly made the Son of *Sleep* and *Night*, and ſo, conſequently, half-brother to *Dulneſs*. But having been much employed, in after-ages, by the *Greek* Satiriſts, he came, at laſt, to paſs for a *Wit*; and under this idea he is to be conſidered in the place before us,

pale Mammon pine amids't his Store
a backward Steward for the Poor;
r a Reservoir, to keep and spare,
a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir.
Ep. on Riches



And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For ſome to heap, and ſome to throw away.
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And ſurely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining miſchief under ground:
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,
Then careful Heav'n ſupply'd two ſorts of Men,
To ſquander Theſe, and Thoſe to hide agen.
Like Doctors thus, when much diſpute has paſt,
We find our tenets juſt the ſame at laſt.
Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

VER. 20. JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Eſq; Member of Parliament, being proſecuted by the Ducheſs of Buckingham and convicted of Forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſtood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727. He was ſuſpected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to ſecrete fifty thouſand pounds of that Director's Eſtate, forfeited to the South-Sea company by Act of Parliament. The Company recovered the fift, thouſand pounds againſt Ward but he ſet up prior conveyances of his real eſtate to his brother and ſon, and concealed all his perſonal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thouſand pounds. Theſe conveyances being alſo ſet aſide by a bill in Chancery, Ward was impriſoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects 'till the laſt day, which was that of his examination. During his confinement, his amuſement was to give poiſon to dogs and cats, and ſee them expire

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestow
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the wor this gentleman, at the several æra's of his life. At his s ing in the Pillory he was *worth above two hundred tho pounds*; at his committment to Prison, he was *worth one dred and fifty thousand*; but has been since so far diminish his reputation, as to be thought a *worse man* by *fifty or thousand*.

Fr. Chartres, a man infamous for all manner of When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels drummed out of Ghent on the same account. After a dred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of m at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumul premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and ing to a minute when the payments became due; in a by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and foll mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His hous a perpetual Bawdy-house. He was twice condemne rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without i sonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He d Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his fu raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the c and cast dead dogs, *etc.* into the grave along with it. following Epitaph contains his character very justly d by Dr. Arbuthnot:

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,
PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY:
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the sin

P. But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who ſow it, ſtarve:

His matchleſs IMPUDENCE from the ſecond.
Nor was he more ſingular
In the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*,
Than ſucceſsful
in *Accumulating* WEALTH;
For, without TRADE or PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.
He was the only Perſon of his Time,
Who could CHEAT without the Maſk of HONESTY,
Retain his Primeval MEANNESS
When poſſeſſed of TEN THOUSAND a Year,
And having daily deſerved the GIBBET for what he *did*,
Was at laſt condemned to it for what he *could* not *do*.
Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life uſeleſs to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE connived at his execrable Deſigns,
To give to After-ages
A conſpicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how ſmall Eſtimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,
by his beſtowing it on the moſt UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS.

This gentleman was *worth ſeven thouſand pounds a year* eſtate, in Land, and about *one hundred thouſand* in Money.

Mr. WATERS, the third of theſe worthies, was a man no way reſembling the former in his military, but extremely ſo in his civil capacity; his great fortune having been raiſed by the like diligent attendance on the neceſſities of others. But this gentleman's hiſtory muſt be deferred till his death, when his *worth* may be known more certainly.

What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
Uſeful, I grant, it ſerves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Aſſaſſin hires:

B. Trade it may help, Society extend.

P. But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend.

B. It raiſes Armies in a Nation's aid,

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave;
If ſecret gold ſap on from knave to knave.
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea ſp
And jingling down the back-ſtairs, told the cr
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt paper-credit! laſt and beſt ſupply!
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compaſs hardeſt thin
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;

VER. 34. *If ſecret Gold* ſap *on from knave to kn* The expreſſion is fine, and gives us the image of a plac veſted, where the approaches are made by communica which ſupport each other; as the connections among kn after they have been taken in by a ſtate engineer, ſer ſcreen and encourage one another's private corruptions

VER. 35. — *beneath the Patriot's cloak,*] This is a ſtory, which happened in the reign of William III. t unſuſpected old Patriot, who coming out at the back- from having been cloſeted by the King, where he hac ceived a large bag of Guineas, the burſting of the ba covered his buſineſs there.

VER. 42. — *fetch or carry Kings;*] In our author's

A ſingle leaf ſhall waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to a diſtant Shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, ſcatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind ſhall blow:
Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,
And ſilent ſells a King, or buys a Queen.

Oh! that ſuch bulky Bribes as all might ſee,
Still, as of old, incumber'd Villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave deſigns,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than Knights and 'Squires confound,
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?

many Princes had been ſent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe. The partition-treaty had diſpoſed of Spain; France had ſet up a King for England, who was ſent to Scotland, and back again; King Staniſlaus was ſent to Poland, and back again; the Duke of Anjou was ſent to Spain, and Don Carlos to Italy.

VER. 44. *Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant Shore*;] Alludes to ſeveral Miniſters, Counſellors, and Patriots baniſhed in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIAMENT of PARIS, baniſhed to Pontoiſe in the year 1720.

VER. 47. *Pregnant with thouſands flits the Scrap unſeen,*] This imagery is very ſublime, and alludes to the courſe of a deſtroying peſtilence. The Pſalmiſt, in his expreſſion of *the Peſtilence that walketh in darkneſs*, ſupplied him with the grandeur of his idea.

A ſtateſman's ſlumbers how this ſpeech would ſpoil!
" Sir, Spain has ſent a thouſand jars of oil;
" Huge bales of Britiſh cloth blockade the door:
" A hundred oxen at your levee roar."
Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could Profuſion ſquander all in kind.
Aſtride his cheeſe Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from ſtreet to ſtreet,
Whom with a wig ſo wild, and mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor tradeſman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs
Could he himſelf have ſent it to the dogs?

VER. 63. Some Miſers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had entered at this time into an Aſſociation to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almoſt to ſtarve, 'till one of them taking the advantage of underſelling the reſt, defeated the deſign. One of theſe Miſers was *worth ten thouſand*, another *ſeven thouſand* a year.

VER. 65. *Colepepper.*] Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart a Perſon of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining his eſtate at the Gaming-table, paſt the reſt of his days in ſitting there to ſee the ruin of others; preferring to ſubſiſt upon borrowing and begging, rather than enter into any repu

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 50. in the MS.

To break a truſt were Peter bribd with wine,
Peter! 'twould poſe as wiſe a head as mine.

s Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
ith ſpurning heels, and with a butting head.
› White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
air Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
hall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
ſear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of ſwine?
Oh filthy check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the nation's laſt great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on ſuch a World we fall,
What ſay you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.
P. What Riches give us let us then enquire:
Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,
Cloaths, and Fire.
Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

able method of life, and refuſing a Poſt in the army which was offered him.

VER. 82. *Turner*] One, who, being poſſeſſed of three hundred thouſand pounds, laid down his Coach, [illegible] Intereſt was reduced from five to four *per cent.* and put ſeventy thouſand into the Charitable Corporation ſc

VARIATIONS.

VER. 77. *Since then, etc.*] In the former Ed.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;
To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Noſe and Ears?

better intereſt; which ſum having loſt, he took it ſo much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outlived it, but that he was heir to another conſiderable eſtate, which he daily expected, and that by this courſe of life he ſaved both cloaths and all other expences.

Ver. 84. *Unhappy Wharton,*] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies. See his Character in the firſt Epiſtle.

Ver. 85. *Hopkins,*] A Citizen, whoſe rapacity obtained him the name of *Vulture Hopkins.* He lived worthleſs, but died *worth three hundred thouſand pounds,* which he would give to no perſon living, but left it ſo as not to be inherited till after the ſecond generation. His counſel repreſenting to him how many years it muſt be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at intereſt all that time, he expreſſed great joy thereat, and ſaid, "They would then be as long in ſpending, as he had been "in getting it." But the Chancery afterwards ſet aſide the will, and gave it to the heir at law.

Ver. 86. *Japhet, Noſe and Ears?*] Japhet Crook, alias Sir *Peter Stranger,* was puniſhed with the loſs of thoſe parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral thouſand pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtained a will, by which he poſſeſſed another conſiderable Eſtate, to the wrong of the brother of the deceaſed. By theſe means he was *worth* a great ſum, which (in reward for the ſmall loſs of his ears) he enjoyed in priſon till his death, and quietly left to his executor.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a general Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Sappho raiſe that monſtrous ſum?
Alas! they fear a man will coſt a plum.
Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.
The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To juſt three millions ſtinted modeſt Gage.

luxury of the South-ſea year, the price of a haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

VER. 120. — *general Exciſe.*] Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that ſuch a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have ſome intimation.

VER. 123. *Wiſe Peter*] PETER WALTER, a perſon not only eminent in the wiſdom of his profeſſion, as a dextrous attorney, but allowed to be a good, if not a ſafe, conveyancer; extremely reſpected by the Nobility of this land, though free from all manner of luxury and oſtentation: his wealth was never ſeen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own ſon, for whom he procured an employment of conſiderable profit, of which he gave him as much as was *neceſſary*. Therefore the taxing this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him.

VER. 126. *Rome's great Didius*] A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire when it was ſet to ſale upon the death of Pertinax.

VER. 127. *The Crown of Poland, etc.*] The two perſons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Miſſiſippi deſpiſed to realize above *three hundred thouſand pounds*; the Gentleman with a view to the purchaſe of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a viſion of the like royal nature.

But nobler ſcenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial ſouls! whoſe life one Av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Aſturian Mines.

Much injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate
A wizard told him in theſe words our fate:
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born miſt, and blot the Sun
"Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the ſtocks,
"Peereſs and butler ſhare alike the Box,
"And Judges job, and Biſhops bite the town,
"And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.

They ſince retired into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſe of gold in the mines of the Aſturias.

VER. 133. *Much injur'd Blunt!*] Sir JOHN BLUNT, ginally a ſcrivener, was one of the firſt projectors of South-ſea company, and afterwards one of the directors chief managers of the famous ſcheme in 1720. He wa ſo one of thoſe who ſuffered moſt ſeverely by the bi pains and penalties on the ſaid directors. He was a Diſſe of a moſt religious deportment, and profeſſed to be a g believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy mentioned is not certain, but it was conſtantly in very ſtyle he declaimed againſt the corruption and lu [illegible] age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the r [illegible] party-ſpirit. He was particularly eloquent ag *Avarice* in great and noble perſons, of which he had deed lived to ſee many miſerable examples. He died i year 1732.

" See Britain ſunk in lucre's ſordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's
" arms! "
'Twas no Court-badge, great Scriv'ner, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
A nobly wiſhing Party-rage to ceaſe,
To buy both ſides, and give thy Country peace.
" All this is madneſs," cries a ſober ſage:
But who, my friend, has reaſon in his rage?
" The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
" The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill."
Leſs mad the wildeſt whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: " 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion
" ſends,
" And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral uſe."
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r which bids the ocean ebb and flow,
Bids ſeed-time, harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their ſeaſon fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his ſtore,
Sees but a backward ſteward for the Poor;
This year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare;
The next, a Fountain, ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh ſtreams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And men and dogs ſhall drink him till they burſt.

Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous ſpits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with creſſes ſtor'd,
With ſoups unbought and ſallads bleſs'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreux ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor ſound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling ſteeds another way:

IMITATIONS.

VER. 182. *With ſoups unbought*]

— dapibus menſas onerabat inemptis. Virg.

Benighted wanderers, the foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt maſtiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right.
(For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow, is a task indeed.)
Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raiſe.
What ſlaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motives this profuſion draws,
His oxen periſh in his country's cauſe;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great Houſe which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet:
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,
Laſt, for his Country's love, he ſells his Lands.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 200. Here I found two lines in the Poet's MS.

" Yet ſure, of qualities deſerving praiſe,
" More go to ruin fortunes than to raiſe.

which, as they ſeem to be neceſſary to do juſtice to the general Character going to be deſcribed, I adviſed him to inſert in their place.

To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
And ſhall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly purſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Join with Œconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST! yet unſpoil'd by wealth
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218. in the MS.

Where one lean herring furniſh'd Costa's board,
And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
Where mad good-nature, bounty miſapply'd,
In laviſh Curio blaz'd awhile and dy'd;
There Providence once more ſhall ſhift the ſcene,
And ſhewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226. in the MS.

That ſecret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
Which W—n loſt, yet B—y ne'er could find:
Still miſs'd by Vice, and ſcarce by Virtue hit,
EyG—'s goodneſs, or by S—'s wit.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty giv'n,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heav'n;
(Whoſe meaſure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and juſtify her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is death; but life diffus'd;
As poiſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is incenſe to the Skies.

P. Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The Wretch that truſts them, and the Rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, that knows a chearful noon
Without a Fiddler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?
Whoſe table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's, or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune, gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, Engliſh Bounty yet a-while may ſtand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

VER. 243. OXFORD's *better part,*] Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford. The ſon of Robert, created Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer by Queen Anne. This nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienced his benefits. He left behind him one of the moſt noble Libraries in Europe.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of Ross:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow;
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain?
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n-directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of Ross," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the Market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:

VER. 250. *The* MAN *of* ROSS:] The perſon here celebrated, who with a ſmall Eſtate actually performed all theſe good works, and whoſe true name was almoſt loſt (partly by the title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without ſo much as an inſcription) was called Mr. John Kyrle. He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interred in the chancel of the church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 250. in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's ſhore,
Who ſings not him, oh may he ſing no more!

He feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance; enter but his door,
Balk'd are the Courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines to ſwell that boundleſs charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
This man poſſeſt — five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inſcription, ſtone?
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:

VER. 281, *Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze! etc.*] In this ſublime apoſtrophe, they are not bid to *bluſh* becauſe *outſtript* in virtue, for no ſuch contention is ſuppoſed: but for being *outſhined* in their own proper pretenſions to Splendor and Magnificence.

Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory?
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thouſand lights attend
The wretch, who living ſav'd a candle's end;
Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's ſelf might ow
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.

VER. 287. *Go, ſearch it there,*] The pariſh-regiſter.

VER. 293. *Should'ring God's altar a vile image ſtands, B his features, nay extends his hands;*] The deſcription is inſi able. We ſee him *ſhou d'ring the altar* like one who in ouſly affected to draw off the reverence of God's worſhip from the ſacred table, upon himſelf; whoſe *Features* too ſculptor *had belied* by giving them the traces of humani And, what was ſtill a more impudent flattery, had inſi ated, by *extending his hands*, as if that humanity had be ſome time or other, put into act.

VER. 296. *Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.*] The p ridicules the wretched taſte of carving large perriwigs buſto's, of which there are ſeveral vile examples in tombs at Weſtminſter, and elſewhere.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Regiſter inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Juſt as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then ſtole to reſt, unheeded and unſeen.

old what bleſſings Wealth to life can lend!
l ſee, what comfort it affords our end.
he worſt inn's worſt room, with mat half hung,
e floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung,
once a flock-bed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
th tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
e George and Garter dangling from that bed
ere tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,
:at Villers lies — alas how chang'd from him,
at life of pleaſure, and that ſoul of whim!
lant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
e bow'r of wanton Shrewſbury and love;
juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King,
Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.

ER. 305. *Great Villers lies* —] This Lord, yet more fa- is for his vices than his misfortunes, having been poſſeſſ- of about 50,000 *l.* a year, and paſſed through many of higheſt poſts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in mote inn in Yorkſhire, reduced to the utmoſt miſery.

ER. 307. *Cliveden*] A delightful palace, on the banks the Thames, built by the D. of Buckingham.

ER. 308. *Shrewſbury*] The Counteſs of Shrewſbury, a nan abandoned to gallantries. The Earl her husband killed by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel; and it has n ſaid, that during the combat ſhe held the Duke's horſes ne habit of a page.

ER. 312. *No fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more.*] That he liked diſguiſed flattery better than the more direct and wed. And no wonder a man of wit ſhould have this

There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame; this lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends.
His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me.
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me, Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe,
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd,
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a ſtranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!

taſte. For the taking pleaſure in fools, for the ſake of *laughing at them*, is nothing elſe but the complaiſance of *flattering ourſelves*, by an advantageous compariſon, which the mind makes between itſelf and the object laughed at. Hence too we may ſee the Reaſon of mens preferring *this* to other kinds of flattery. For we are always inclined to think that work beſt done, which we do ourſelves.

Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd — I'll tell a tale — B. Agreed.
P. Where London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Dev'l was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;

VER. 339. *Where London's column,*] The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with an inſcription, importing that city to have been burnt by the papiſts.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs;
Or tell a tale? — A Tale, — It follows thus.

Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they ro
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſh

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folk:
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the t

Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight h
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was l
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his th
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a g
"Where once I went to church, I'll now g
"And am ſo clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter ſaw his time; the work h
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whol
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.

VER. 355. *Corniſh*] The author has placed
theſe ſhipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from thei
on that coaſt, but from the inhumanity of the
to thoſe to whom that misfortune arrives: When
pens to be ſtranded there, they have been knov
holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to pl
ſometimes even to maſſacre the people: Nor has
ment of England been yet able wholly to ſup
barbarities.

d Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
his gettings to his parts and merit;
te he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
d's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
change their titles, as our manners turn:
npting-houſe employ'd the Sunday-morn:
at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
ſent his family and wife.
ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
l old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
mph of Quality admires our Knight;
ies, bows at Court, and grows polite:
he dull Cits and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
l-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
his Son a gay Commiſſion buys,
nks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies:
ghter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife;
's a Coronet and P--k for life.
n's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
y falls to play; ſo bad her chance,
repair it; takes a bribe from France;
uſe impeach him; Coningsby harangues;
irt forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
n, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
th, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown:

The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

VER. 401. *The Devil and the King divide the Prize.*] This is to be underſtood in a very ſober and *decent* ſenſe; as a Satire only on ſuch Miniſters of State which Hiſtory informs us have been found, who aided the *Devil* in his *temptations*, in order to foment, if not to make, Plots for the ſake of confiſcations. So ſure always, and juſt is our author's ſatire, even in thoſe places where he ſeems moſt to have indulged himſelf only in an elegant badinage. But this Satire on the *abuſe* of the general Laws of forfeiture for high treaſon, which all well-policied communities have found expedient to provide themſelves withal, is by no means to be underſtood as a reflection on the Laws themſelves, whoſe neceſſity, equity, and even lenity have been excellently well vindicated in that very learned and elegant Diſcourſe intitled, *Some Conſiderations on the Law of Forfeiture for high Treaſon. Third Edition*, London 1748.

VER. ult. --- *curſes God and dies.*] i. e. Fell under the temptation; alluding to the ſtory of Job referred to above.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 394. *And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.*]

--- atque unum civem donare *Sibyllæ*. Juv.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE IV.

TO

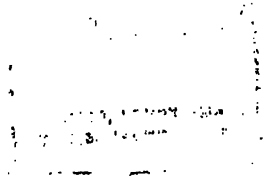
Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

ARGUMENT.

Of the Uſe *of* RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuſe of the word Taſte, ver. 13. *That the firſt principle and foundation in this, as in every thing elſe, is* Good Senſe, ver. 40. *The chief proof of it is to* follow Nature, *even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Inſtanced in* Architecture *and* Gardening, *where all muſt be adapted to the* Genius *and* Uſe *of the* Place, *and the Beauties not forced into it, but reſulting from it,* ver. 50. *How men are diſappointed in their moſt expenſive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can pleaſe* long, *if* at all; *and the beſt* Examples *and* Rules *will but be perverted into ſomething* burdenſome *or ridiculous,* ver. 65, etc. *to* 92. *A de-*

ſcription of the falſe Taſte *of* Magnificence; *the firſt grand error of which is to imagine that* Greatneſs *conſiſts in the* Size *and* Dimenſion, *inſtead of the* Proportion *and* Harmony *of the* whole, ver. 97. *and the ſecond, either in joining together* Parts incoherent, *or too minutely reſembling, or in the* Repetition *of the* ſame *too frequently*, ver. 105, etc. *A word or two of falſe Taſte in* Books, *in* Muſic, *in* Painting, *even in* Preaching *and* Prayer, *and laſtly in* Entertainments, ver. 133, etc. *Yet* PROVIDENCE *is juſtified in giving Wealth to be ſquandered in this manner, ſince it is diſperſed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind*, ver. 169. [*recurring to what is laid down in the firſt Book, Ep.* ii. *and in the Epiſtle preceding this*, ver. 159, etc.] *What are the* proper Objects *of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of* Great Men, ver. 177, etc. *and finally the Great and Public Works which become a* Prince, ver. 191, to the end.



What brought Sr Visto's ill got Wealth to waste?
Some Dæmon whisper'd, Visto! have a Taste.
Q. on Taste

EPISTLE III.

'TIS ſtrange, the Miſer ſhould his Cares employ
To gain thoſe riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it leſs ſtrange, the prodigal ſhould waſte
His wealth, to purchaſe what he ne'er can taſte?
Not for himſelf he ſees, or hears, or eats;
Artiſts muſt chuſe his Pictures, Muſic, Meats;
He buys for Topham, Drawings and Deſigns,
For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;

EPISTLE IV.] The extremes of *Avarice* and *Profuſion* being treated of in the foregoing Epiſtle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the *Vanity of Expence* in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, juſt as the epiſtle on the *Characters of Women* is to that *of the Knowledge and Characters of Men*. It is equally remarkable for exactneſs of method with the reſt. But the nature of the ſubject, which is leſs philoſophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compaſs.

VER. 7. *Topham*,] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings.

VER. 8. *For Pembroke Statues*, dirty Gods, *and Coins*;] The author ſpeaks here not as a Philoſopher or Divine, but as a *Connoiſſeur* and Antiquary; conſequently the *dirty* attribute here aſſigned theſe Gods of old renown, is not in diſparagement of their worth, but in high commendation of their genuine pretenſions.

Rare monkiſh Manuſcripts for Hearne alone,
And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all theſe are for himſelf? no more
Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted
Only to ſhew, how many taſtes he wanted.
What brought Sir Viſto's ill-got wealth to waſte?
Some Dæmon whiſper'd, "Viſto! have a Taſte."
Heav'n viſits with a Taſte the wealthy fool,
And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
See! ſportive fate, to puniſh awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and ſends him ſuch a Guide:
A ſtanding ſermon at each year's expence,
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence!

Ver. 10. *And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloan* Two eminent Phyſicians; the one had an excellent Libra the other the fineſt collection in Europe of natural curi ties; both men of great learning and humanity.

Ver. 12. *Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.*] the Author's manner of putting together theſe two diſi ent Utenſils of *falſe Magnificence*, it appears, that, prope ſpeaking, neither the *Wife* nor the *Whore* is the real ject of *modern taſte*, but the *Finery* only: And whoe wears it, whether the Wife or the Whore, it matters n any further than that the *latter* is thought to deſerve it b as appears from her having moſt of it; and ſo indeed comes, by accident, the more faſhionable Thing of two.

Ver. 18. *Ripley*] This man was a carpenter, employed a firſt Miniſter, who raiſed him to an Architect, with any genius in the art: and after ſome wretched proofs his inſufficiency in public Buildings, made him Comptrol of the Board of works.

You ſhow us, Rome was glorious, not profuſe,
And pompous buildings once were things of Uſe.
Yet ſhall (my Lord) your juſt, your noble rules
Fill half the land with Imitating-Fools;
Who random drawings from your ſheets ſhall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load ſome vain Church with old Theatric ſtate,
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate;
Reverſe your ornaments, and hang them all
On ſome patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four ſlices of Pilaſter on't,
That, lac'd with bits of ruſtic, makes a Front.
Shall call the wind thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conſcious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they ſtarve, they ſtarve by rules of art.
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than Expence,
And ſomething previous ev'n to Taſte — 'tis Senſe:

VER. 23. The Earl of Burlington was then publiſhing the Deſigns of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Muſt Biſhops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the ſkill
To build, to plant, judge painting, what you will?
Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
Bridgman explain the Goſpel, Gibbs the Law?

Good Senſe, which only is the gift of He
And tho' no Science, fairly worth the ſev
A Light, which in yourſelf you muſt perc
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you inten
To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend
To ſwell the Terras, or to ſink the Grot;
In all, let Nature never be forgot.
But treat the Goddeſs, like a modeſt fair,
Nor over-dreſs, nor leave her wholly bar
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be ſpy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points, who pleaſingly confo
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bound

Conſult the Genius of the Place in all;
That tells the Waters or to riſe, or fall;
Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'ns to
Or ſcoops in circling theatres the Vale;

VER. 46. *Inigo Jones* the celebrated Archi
Le Nôtre, the deſigner of the beſt Gardens in E

VER. 57. *Conſult the Genius of the Place, etc.* -
ver. 64.] The perſonalizing or rather *deifying the place*, in order to be conſulted as an *Ora* duced one of the nobleſt and moſt ſublime d *Deſign*, that poetry could expreſs. Where this preſiding over the work, is repreſented by lit as advancing from a ſimple *adviſer*, to a *creat* beauties of improved Nature, in a *variety* of bo and alluſions, all riſing one above another, t plete the *unity* of the general idea.

Calls in the Country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies ſhades from ſhades;
Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending Lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.
Still follow ſenſe, of ev'ry Art the Soul,
Parts anſwering parts ſhall ſlide into a whole,
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from Difficulty, ſtrike from Chance;
Nature ſhall join you; Time ſhall make it grow
A Work to wonder at --- perhaps a STOW.
Without it, proud Verſailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's Terraces deſert their walls:
The vaſt Parterres a thouſand hands ſhall make,
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake:

Firſt the *Genius* of the place *tells the waters*, or only ſimply gives directions: Then he *helps th' ambitious hill*, or is a fellow-labourer: Then again he *ſcoops the circling Theatre*, or works alone, or in chief. Afterwards, riſing faſt in our idea of dignity, he *calls in the country*, alluding to the orders of princes in their progreſs, when accuſtomed to diſplay all their ſtate and magnificence: His character then grows ſacred, he *joins willing woods*, a metaphor taken from one of the offices of the prieſthood; 'till at length, he becomes a Divinity, and creates and preſides over the whole:

> Now breaks, or now directs th'intending lines,
> Paints as you plant, and, as you work, deſigns.

Much in the ſame manner as the *plaſtic Nature* is ſuppoſed to do, in the work of human generation.

VER. 70. The ſeat and gardens of the Lord Viſcount Cobham in Buckinghamſhire.

Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain,
You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.
Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an Hermitage ſet Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten-years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Eſpaliers meet;
The Wood ſupports the Plain, the parts unite,
And ſtrength of Shade contends with ſtrength of Light;
A waving Glow the bloomy beds diſplay,
Bluſhing in bright diverſities of day,
With ſilver-quiv'ring rills mæander'd o'er —
Enjoy them, you! Villario, can no more;
Tir'd of the ſcene Parterres and Fountains yield,
He finds at laſt he better likes a Field.

Thro' his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus ſtray'd,
Or ſat delighted in the thick'ning ſhade,
With annual joy the red'ning ſhoots to greet,
Or ſee the ſtretching branches long to meet!
His Son's fine Taſte an op'ner Viſta loves,
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;

Ver. 75, 76. *Or cut wide views thro' Mountains to the Plain, You'll wiſh your hill or ſhelter'd ſeat again.*] This was done in Hertfordſhire by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l. by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his houſe and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods.

Ver. 78. --- *ſet Dr. Clarke.*] Dr. S. Clarke's buſto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr. duely frequented the Court. P. But he ſhould have added --- with the innocence and diſintereſtedneſs of a Hermit.

One boundleſs Green, or flouriſh'd Carpet views,
With all the mournful family of Yews:
The thriving plants, ignoble broomſticks made,
Now ſweep thoſe Alleys they were born to ſhade.
At Timon's Villa let us paſs a day,
Where all cry out, "What ſums are thrown away!"
So proud, ſo grand; of that ſtupendous air,
Soft and Agreeable come never there.
Greatneſs, in Timon, dwells in ſuch a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
To compaſs this, his building is a Town,
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down:
Who but muſt laugh, the Maſter when he ſees,
A puny inſect, ſhiv'ring at a breeze!

Ver. 95. The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty; a *boundleſs Green*, large and naked as a field, or a *flouriſh'd carpet*, where the greatneſs and nobleneſs of the piece is leſſened by being divided into too many parts, with ſcroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent.

Ver. 96. --- *mournful family of Yews*;] Touches upon the ill taſte of thoſe who are ſo fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the moſt tonſile) as to deſtroy the nobler Foreſt-trees, to make way for ſuch little ornaments as Pyramids of dark-green continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral proceſſion.

Ver. 99. *At* Timon's *Villa*] This deſcription is intended to comprize the principles of a falſe Taſte of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was ſaid before, that nothing but Good Senſe can attain it.

Ver. 104. --- *all Brobdignag*] A region of giants, in the ſatires of *Gulliver*.

Lo, what huge heaps of littleneſs around!
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground,
Two Cupids ſquirt before: a Lake behind
Improves the keenneſs of the Northern wind.
His Gardens next your admiration call,
On ev'ry ſide you look, behold the Wall!
No pleaſing Intricacies intervene,
No artful wildneſs to perplex the ſcene;
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
And half the platform juſt reflects the other.
The ſuff'ring eye inverted Nature ſees,
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;
With here a Fountain never to be play'd;
And there a Summer-houſe, that knows no ſhade;

Ver. 117, 118. *Grove nods at Grove, each Alley has a brother, And half the platform juſt reflects the other.*] This is exactly the *two puddings* of the citizen in the foregoing fable, only ſerved up a little more magnificently: But both on the ſame abſurd principle of wrong taſte, viz. that one can never have too much of a good thing.

Ibid. *Grove nods at grove, etc.*] The exquiſite humour of this expreſſion ariſes ſolely from its ſignificancy. Theſe *groves* that have no meaning, but very near relationſhip, can expreſs themſelves only like twin-ideots by *nods*;

— nutant ad mutua Palmæ
Fœdera —

as the Poet ſays, which juſt ſerves to let us underſtand, that they know one another, as having been nurſed, and brought up by one common parent.

Here Amphitrite ſails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There Gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;
Un-water'd ſee the drooping ſea-horſe mourn,
And ſwallows rooſt in Nilus duſty Urn.

My Lord advances with majeſtic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleaſure, to be ſeen:
But ſoft — by regular approach — not yet —
Firſt thro' the length of yon hot Terrace ſweat:
And when up ten ſteep ſlopes you've drag'd your thighs,
Juſt at his Study-door he'll bleſs your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it ſtor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
Theſe Aldus printed, thoſe Du Sueil bound.
Lo ſome are Vellom, and the reſt as good
For all his Lordſhip knows, but they are Wood.

VER. 124. The two Statues of the *Gladiator pugnans* and *Gladiator moriens.*

VER. 130. The *Approaches* and *Communication* of houſe with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged, and inconvenient.

VER. 133. *His Study, etc.*] The falſe Taſte in Books; a ſatire on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the ſtudy to underſtand them. Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding; ſome have carried it ſo far, as to cauſe the upper ſhelves to be filled with painted books of wood; others pique themſelves ſo much upon books in a language they do not underſtand, as to exclude the moſt uſeful in one they do.

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Theſe ſhelves admit not any modern book.
And now the Chapel's ſilver bell you hear,
That ſummons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Muſic, broken and uneven,
Make the ſoul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Cielings you devoutly ſtare,
Where ſprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expanſion lie,
And bring all Paradiſe before your eye.
To reſt, the Cuſhion and ſoft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

Ver. 141. The falſe taſte in *Muſic*, improper to the ſubjects, as of light airs in churches, often practiſed by the organiſts, *etc.*

Ver. 142. *That ſummons you to all the* Pride *of Pray'r:*] This abſurdity is very happily expreſſed; *Pride*, of all human follies, being the firſt we ſhould leave behind us when we approach the ſacred altar. But he who could take Meanneſs for Magnificence, might eaſily mistake *Humility* for *Meanneſs*.

Ver. 145. — And in *Painting* (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, *etc.* which has obliged ſome Popes to put draperies on ſome of thoſe of the beſt maſters.

Ver. 146. *Verrio or Laguerre,*] Verrio (Antonio) painted many ceilings, *etc.* at Windſor, Hampton-Court, *etc.* and Laguerre at Blenheim-caſtle, and other Places.

Ver. 150. *Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.*] This is a fact; a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footſteps ſcrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face.
Is this a dinner? this a Genial room?
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A ſolemn Sacrifice, perform'd in ſtate,
You drink by meaſure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying courſe, you'd ſwear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there.
Between each Act the trembling ſalvers ring,
From ſoup to ſweet-wine, and God bleſs the King.

ſinner with puniſhment in "a place which he thought it not "decent to name in ſo polite an aſſembly."

Ver. 153. Taxes the incongruity of *Ornaments* (though ſometimes practiſed by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the ſhocking images of ſerpents, etc. are introduced in Grottos or Buffets.

Ver. 153. *The rich Buffet* well-colour'd *Serpents grace,*] The circumſtance of being *well-colour'd* ſhews this ornament not only to be very abſurd, but very *odious* too; and has a peculiar beauty, as, in one inſtance of falſe Taſte, viz. *an injudicious choice in imitation*, he gives (in the epithet employed) the ſuggeſtion of another, which is an *injudicious manner of it.*

Ver. 155. *Is this a dinner, etc.*] The proud Feſtivals of ſome men are here ſet forth to ridicule, where pride deſtroys the eaſe, and formal regularity all the pleaſurable enjoyment of the entertainment.

Ver. 160. Sancho's *dread Doctor*] See Don Quixote, chap. xlvii.

In plenty ſtarving, tantaliz'd in ſtate,
And complaiſantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, careſs'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve;
I curſe ſuch laviſh coſt, and little ſkill,
And ſwear no Day was ever paſt ſo ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants bread
The Lab'rer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
His charitable Vanity ſupplies.

Another age ſhall ſee the golden Ear
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
Deep Harveſts bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.

Who then ſhall grace, or who improve the Soil?
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like BOYLE.

VER. 169. *Yet hence the Poor, etc.*] The *Moral* of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is juſtified in giving Wealth to thoſe who ſquander it in this manner. A bad Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes Expence more than a good one. This recurs to what is laid down in Book I. Ep. ii. ver. 230—7, and in the Epiſtle preceding this, ver. 161, etc.

VER. 176. *And laughing Ceres re-aſſume the land.*] The great beauty of this line is an inſtance of the art peculiar to our poet; by which he has ſo diſpoſed a trite claſſical figure, as not only to make it do its vulgar office, of repreſenting a very *plentiful harveſt*, but alſo to aſſume the *Image of Nature*, re-eſtabliſhing herſelf in her rights, and *mocking* the vain efforts of falſe magnificence, which would keep her out of them.

'Tis Uſe alone that ſanctifies Expence,
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encreaſe:
Whoſe chearful Tenants bleſs their yearly toil,
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the ſoil;
Whoſe ample Lawns are not aſham'd to feed
The milky heifer and deſerving ſteed;
Whoſe riſing Foreſts, not for pride or ſhow,
But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
Let his plantations ſtretch from down to down,
Firſt ſhade a Country, and then raiſe a Town.
You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themſelves reſtore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:

VER. 179, 180. *'Tis Uſe alone that* ſanctifies *Expence, And Splendor borrows all her rays from Senſe.*] Here the poet, to make the *examples* of *good Taſte* the better underſtood, introduces them with a ſummary of his *Precepts* in theſe two ſublime lines: for, the conſulting *Uſe* is *beginning with Senſe*; and the making *Splendor* or *Taſte borrow all its rays* from thence, is *going on with Senſe*, after ſhe has led us up to *Taſte*. The art of this can never be ſufficiently admired. But the Expreſſion is equal to the Thought. This *ſanctifying* of expence gives us the idea of ſomething conſecrated and ſet apart for ſacred uſes; and indeed, it is the idea under which it may be properly conſidered: For wealth employed according to the *intention* of Providence, is its true conſecration; and the real uſes of humanity were certainly *firſt* in its *intention*.

'Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accompliſh what ſuch hands deſign'd,)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples, worthier of the God, aſcend;
Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main;

Ver. 195, 197, *etc.* *'Till Kings — Bid Harbours open, etc.*] The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to thoſe great and public works which become a prince. This poem was publiſhed in the year 1733, when ſome of the new-built churches, by the act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is ſatirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 2.

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others very vilely executed, through fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, *etc.* Dagenham-breach had done very great miſchiefs; many of the Highways throughout England were hardly paſſable; and moſt of thoſe which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamouſly executed, even to the entrance of London itſelf: The propoſal of building a Bridge at Weſtminſter had been petitioned againſt and rejected; but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge paſſed through both houſes. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned, who would have made it a wooden one; to which our author alludes in theſe lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile.

See the notes on that place.

ck to his bounds their ſubject ſea command,
ad roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land :
heſe Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings,
heſe are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

MORAL ESSAYS.

EPISTLE V.

To Mr. ADDISON.

Occaſioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

SEE the wild Waſte of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own ſad ſepulchre appears,
With nodding arches, broken temples ſpread!
The very Tombs now vaniſh like their dead!

EPISTLE V.] This was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addiſon intended to publiſh his book of Medals; it was ſome time before he was Secretary of State; but not publiſhed till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verſes on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epiſtle treated of the extremes of *Avarice* and *Proſuſion*; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the *vanity of expence* in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; ſo this treats of one circumſtance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins: and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

nperial wonders rais'd on Nations ſpoil'd,
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd;
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
Now drain'd a diſtant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride ſurvey,
Statues of Men, ſcarce leſs alive than they!
Some felt the ſilent ſtroke of mould'ring age,
Some hoſtile fury, ſome religious rage.
Barbarian blindneſs, Chriſtian zeal conſpire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins ſav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preſerves a name;
That Name the learn'd with fierce diſputes purſue,
And give to Titus old Veſpaſian's due.
Ambition ſigh'd: ſhe found it vain to truſt
The faithleſs Column and the crumbling Buſt:
Huge moles, whoſe ſhadow ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore,
Their ruins periſh'd, and their place no more!

VER. 6. *Where mix'd with ſlaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:* The inattentive reader might wonder how this circumſtance came to find a place here. But let him compare it with ver. 3, 14, and he will ſee the Reaſon,

Barbarian blindneſs, *Chriſtian* zeal conſpire,
And *Papal* piety, and *Gothic* fire.

For the *Slaves* mentioned in the 6th line were of the ſame nation with the *Barbarians* in the 13th; and the *Chriſtians* in the 13th, the Succeſſors of the *Martyrs* in the 6th: Providence ordaining that *theſe* ſhould ruin what *thoſe* were ſo injuriouſly employed in rearing; for the poet never loſeth ſight of his great principle.

Convinc'd, ſhe now contracts her vaſt deſign,
And all her Triumphs ſhrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conqueſt keeps,
Beneath her Palm here ſad Judea weeps.
Now ſcantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And ſcarce are ſeen the proſtrate Nile or Rhine;
A ſmall Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one ſhort view ſubjected to our eye
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With ſharpen'd ſight pale Antiquaries pore,
Th' inſcription value, but the ruſt adore.
This the blue varniſh, that the green endears,
The ſacred ruſt of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Peſcennius one employs his Schemes,
One graſps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned ſpleen devour'd,
Can taſte no pleaſure ſince his Shield was ſcour'd:
And Curio, reſtleſs by the Fair-one's ſide,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Their's is the Vanity, the Learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories ſhine;
Her Gods, and god-like Heroes riſe to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new.
Nor bluſh, theſe ſtudies thy regard engage;
Theſe pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:

VER. 49. *Nor bluſh, theſe Studies thy regard engage*;] A ſenſeleſs affectation which ſome writers of eminence have

The verſe and ſculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to Art.

Oh when ſhall Britain, conſcious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals ſee her wars enroll'd,
And vanquiſh'd realms ſupply recording gold?
Here riſing bold, the Patriot's honeſt face;
[illegible]e Warriors frowning in hiſtoric braſs:
[illegible]n future ages with delight ſhall ſee
[illegible]v Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
[illegible].n fair ſeries laurell'd Bards be ſhown,
[illegible]irgil there, and here an Addiſon.
[illegible]en ſhall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
[illegible]e caſt ore, another Pollio, ſhine;
[illegible] aſpect open ſhall erect his head,
And round the orb in laſting notes be read,

betrayed; who when fortune, or their talents have raiſed them to a condition to do without thoſe arts, for which only they gained our eſteem, have pretended to think letters below their Character. This falſe ſhame Mr. Voltaire has very well, and with proper indignation, expoſed in his account of Mr. Congreve: "He had one defect, which was his entertaining too mean an Idea of his firſt Profeſſion, (that of a Writer) though it was to this he owed his Fame and Fortune. He ſpoke of his Works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me in our firſt converſation, that I ſhould viſit him upon no other foot than that of a Gentleman, who led a Life of plainneſs and ſimplicity. I anſwered, that, had he been ſo unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman, I ſhould never have come to ſee him; and I was very much diſguſted at ſo unſeaſonable a piece of vanity." *Letters concerning the Engliſh Nation*, xix.

" Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sinc
" In action faithful, and in honour clear;
" Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end
" Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend
" Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
" And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lo

The End of the THIRD VOLUM